THE CENSOR TELLS WHAT HE THINKS IS NAUGHTY

MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 10, 1923

10¢

What I Think of Girls
by Jackie Coogan

"My beauty spoils my career!"

BETTY COMPSON

MOVIE WEEKLY
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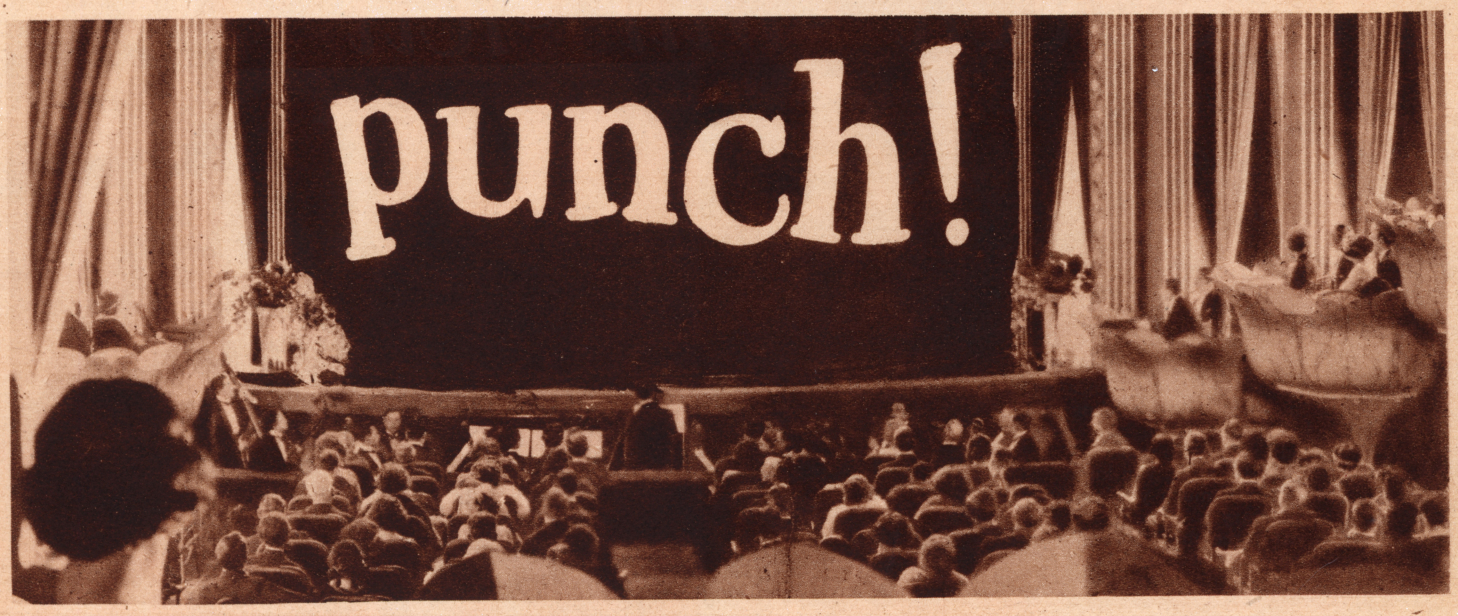

Jack Dempsey Has It

The champion heavyweight pugilist of the world packs a wallop in either hand that is a sure enough sleep-producer if administered properly.

But Dempsey hasn't all the punch in the world, and a large share of what he hasn't got is tucked away beneath the covers of "Movie Weekly." The only difference in the two kinds is that the former puts you to sleep, while the latter keeps you awake.

This latter condition is accounted for by the live-wire character of the stories "Movie Weekly" prints—the latest fan information on the newsstands, which quickly becomes a necessity to the well-informed fan once he acquires the habit.

Well in the van of our procession of events for March 17th will be the following sure-fire features:

"Why Temptations Beset Paths of Film Stars," by Mabel Normand. In this article the popular young screen comedienne explains why many screen folk succumb to temptations.

"When I Marry Again—It Won't Be a Comedian," will be another article by Mildred Harris.

And What's More

There will be "Federal Film Magnates' Private Authorities Begin Probe of Lives," a powerful article on the investigation that is now under way to reveal certain conditions that are said to obtain in the film industry.

"What Sort of a Girl Is Most Attractive To Me," together with "What Sort of a Man Is Most Attractive To Me," will be still another feature in which Eugene O'Brien and Lila Lee, respectively, give their views on women and men.

A humorous article entitled, "Jimmie, the Janitor's Son, Goes to the Movies," will also be included in our all-star issue of March 17th, as well as ten other stories and interviews on subjects of vital interest to the fan.

Remember, we are first on the newsstands. This is only one of the reasons why "Movie Weekly" should become a weekly habit with you.

This Week's Cover

is Betty Compson. It reveals Miss Compson in a pose that is unparalleled among her recent pictures for sheer lovely beauty and art.

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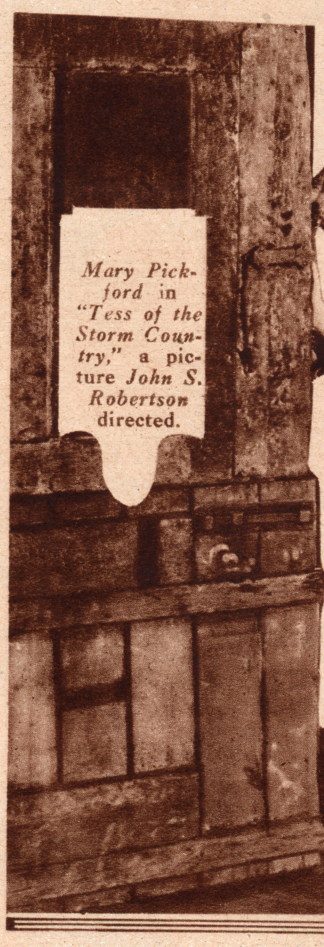
HOW MUCH ARE YOU ALIVE?

The Screen Will Tell

As related to Gladys Hall

By John S. Robertson

Veteran *director describes quality* that makes *for success* on screen---*Some possess* it and *some do not---Are you one* of them?



Mary Pickford in *"Tess of the Storm Country,"* a picture *John S. Robertson* directed.

"A talented girl can do anything on the screen," said *Mr. Robertson*, "if she is really alive."

ARE YOU *really* alive?

If you are, you have a chance to become a movie star, according to Director John Robertson. If you aren't . . . well, it's not so good.

For you may not be really alive, you know. You may not be, however much you are inclined to believe the contrary.

Just because you eat three meals a day, or spoon with your sweetie, or because your friends have told you so doesn't necessarily prove that you are. Not *really*, that is.

You see, there are layers and layers of being alive. There are degrees and degrees. It all depends upon what layer you have your particular being upon. If you don't believe it, ask John Robertson, who is directing Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl." *He* knows.

As we entered the studio Mr. Robertson was entering upon the last week of filming "The Bright Shawl," and he was taking, as is the playful way of pictures, the first scene last.

The first thing we noted was the bright shawl. Very bright indeed it is, too.

The second observation we made had to do with a full-bosomed, seductive, sensuously beautiful lady going through a passionate pantomime under the able direction of Mr. Robertson.

The lady was Dorothy Gish. No, she was "La Clavel."

We owe her an apology. We didn't think she could do it. We read the book some little while ago, and when we heard that it was to be filmed and that Dorothy Gish was to play "La Clavel," we couldn't see it. We had always seen Dorothy as the frolicsome little disturber, kidding her parts. We retract, for we saw her the other day as a woman of the world, a Spanish woman and a creature of impulses.

Mr. Robertson says that she has done some magnificent work. He says that he believed in her from the very beginning, that he always wanted her to do it.

And that was where, and this was how, he made the point about being really alive in order to be a screen, or stage success. "Dorothy is alive, absolutely alive . . . that is why she is able to transform herself, to tear up roots, to throw herself into any expression of life necessary. She is alive, she has imagination and she can act. Physical appearance is a matter of make-up over mind.

"I don't believe," Mr. Robertson continued, "in the obvious, shake-a-shoulder type of vampire. Despite the fact," he broke off and laughed, "that I discovered Nita Naldi."

"What!" we interrupted with a shout.

HE SAID it so calmly, just as if it fell to the lot of man to discover a Nita Naldi every day.

"In the first place," he continued, "the average American man would do one of two things if he fell into the clutches of the typical screen vampire—he would either die of laughter or he would run a mile.

"No regular man would fall for that sort of thing. It's too obvious, it's too easily recognizable for what it is. He would be afraid.

"That is why I wanted Dorothy, a regular girl, to play 'La Clavel.' I wanted a human, red-blooded, 'good-sort' type of girl, not too young, not too old."

"But *Dorothy Gish*," we murmured, "does this mean, then, that you believe *any* talented young girl of *any* type can be a vampire?"

"I've directed Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson and Dorothy," said Mr. Robertson, "all types directly opposed to the vamp type, and yet each one of them could vamp if they wanted to.

"Mary once said to me that it would be great fun to miscast a picture deliberately and see what would happen. She, for instance, would play the vamp, the hero type would play the villain, etcetera. She said that we might easily find the so-called miscast ones playing in their proper tempo.

"It's all a matter of acting, of course . . . "

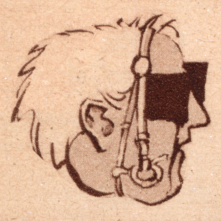
"Ah, but," we said, pleadingly, for like Alice in Wonderland we were finding our world all topsy turvy, with Dorothy a Dark Lady, Dick a father and Mary even a *visionary* siren; "ah, but tell the fans, do you believe that any girl can vamp? Think of what this will mean to Wronged Wives, Perpetual Ingenues and Struggling Stenographers."

"I think," said Mr. Robertson, "that a talented girl can do anything on the screen if she is really alive. For if she is alive she will have the will-to-do. She will be ambitious, versatile, eager and ready. She will be aware of opportunity and amenable to all suggestion.

"But what," we begged, "is test of being alive?"

"Imagination," quoth Mr. Robertson, directing a still of Dorothy and one of Dick between sentences. "Imagination is the highest flowering of the artist-life. It is the bud of the root."

WHAT THE CENSOR NAUGHTY ON



Movie Weekly *representative official* and *learns* P's and

By T.

I HAVE had a peep at the official report of the New York State Motion Picture Commission's report for the past year. It gave me a shock similar to the kind that follows directly in the wake of an uppercut from Jack Dempsey's cast-iron fists. The report emphatically indicates that all Empire State censors have apparently just pulled through a long and arduous battle to keep naughtiness out of the movies.

During the past twelve months, according to the report, it has been necessary for the powers that be in censordom to condemn seventy-two features and make over four thousand eliminations in order to keep the films from degenerating into what is legally defined as "indecent, immoral, obscene and inhuman!"

Upon learning these staggering details, I immediately decided that the New York censors must be a flock of killjoys. My decision was not concurred in by Joseph Levenson, secretary of the commission. "On the contrary, we are very broad-minded and liberal in our attempts to keep the screen clean," he insisted.

"But, man alive," I came back, "seventy-two features is a large order to condemn in twelve months . . . and also you cut out over four thousand parts! Where do you get all the naughtiness from? What's it all about? What do censors consider as naughty, anyhow? Can't a man and girl kiss——"

I was interrupted to be told that censors had no set ideas of what was naughty and what was not naughty. In other words, there is no rule book or blue prints on the subject. The poor censors simply have to use their judgment in every case and act accordingly. That explains, perhaps, what's wrong in the pictures!

It was my intention to question each and every censor in order to get a number of official interpretations of naughtiness on the silver sheet. But, to my disappointment, I learned that the majority of the scissored gladiators are about exhausted from their epic efforts in the faithful fight and could not be interviewed. It seems that the censor business is quite nerve-racking. I don't doubt it. Just think of being continually on the lookout for something naughty! Good wholesome nourishment, careful nursing and a long rest will bring them all around in time, it is hoped.

IN THEIR fagged condition, there is one consolation which should help rehabilitate and speed them to a quick recovery. They now wear the oak leaves of triumph and the flush of victory as a result of a long and bitter struggle with the evil of the fig leaf . . . et cetera. A veritable tonic in itself!

Originally, I had also intended discovering what the Pennsylvania prefects of films considered naughty. But upon hearing Mr. Levenson insist his organization was broad-minded, I lost my nerve with regards to the Quakers. It is in Pennsylvania, you know, that a screen kiss is measured by a stingy foot rule. This, translated into plain English, means that in a love scene the hero and heroine are allowed only a few feet of film in which to register their romantic act. And in the pictures, film feet flit by with the seconds. I have heard from an exclusive source of information that Pennsylvania film arbiters are about to introduce some sort of a pressure indicating apparatus for use in all love clinches. The purpose of this machine will be to register the amount of pressure the hero uses in hugging the heroine. All heroes who hug past sixty or seventy pounds of pressure will be eliminated. I have not as yet been able to finally confirm this infor-

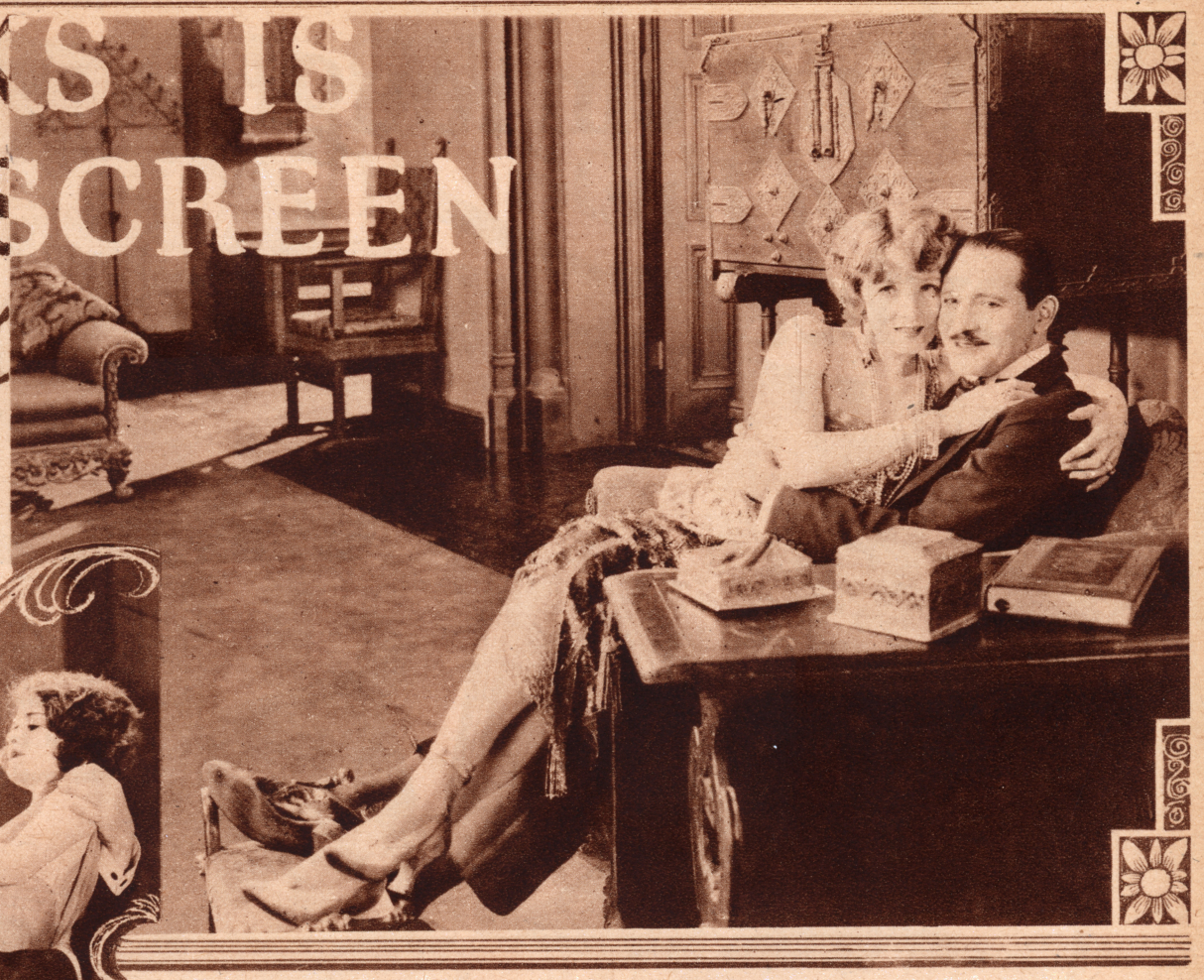
Oo! fie for shame! Here's a lady in—or—who has retired—or something. Further investigation reveals that it is *Mabel Ballin*, popular screen star.

A hectic love scene such as the above between *Pola Negri* and her unknown admirer in *"Sapho,"* is the sort of thing to bring the censors on the run with the censorial scissors.

THINKS IS THE SCREEN

interviews Board of Censorship
Q's of *Censorial aversion*

Howard Kelly



Intimate love scenes such as this between *Claire Windsor* and *Norman Kerry* are strictly frowned upon, be it known, by the censors. They (the scenes) put wrong ideas into the minds of the young.

***Montagu Love* is seen here in position that certainly doesn't belie his name, and it looks as though *Monty* liked it.**

mation, but I feel justified in printing it, inasmuch as it applies to Pennsylvania censorship.

NOW, let's get back to the report of the New York Commission and find out just what was naughty enough in those seventy-two features to have them cast into exterior darkness.

When I found the courage to ask Mr. Levenson how the New York censors were able to distinguish between naughtiness and goodness, he referred me to a brief paragraph in the official report, which very vaguely indicates the standards which govern most of the censors, when they condemn a feature, or cut out what parts they think objectionable from a moralistic point of view.

These standards are summed up in the very broad and general terms of indecency, immorality, sacrilegiousness, and the potentiality of a film corrupting morals and leading to crime. The Commission does not dare to get out a censor's guide book, which would catalogue all of the forbidden poses and risque situations forbidden in the films.

As I gathered it, the whole trouble about getting out such a set of rules is that a film, like the modern girl, may be naughty and nice at the same time, or something to that general effect. The rules could not be consistently and conscientiously applied. What is apparently naughty might turn out to be merely moralistic diplomacy or trickery, as you prefer to label it.

The hardest thing a censor does is to distinguish between true love and illicit love, summer flirtations and other species of sex appeal on the screen. If a censor can once decide that the man and woman in the picture are really and truly in love, then the censor feels conscience-clear about letting them pet each other until the final fade-out. But, just let a censor come to the conclusion that there is some mad vamping and dangerous playing with fire in the picture! That's the time the old scissors speak a mouthful.

Here are a few points over which the censors oftentimes haggle with each other regarding naughtiness. Some feel that cigarette smoking by girls is sinful. A few argue that women have got as much right to smoke as men. This element contends that there is nothing fundamentally immoral about smoking. As a matter of fact, this minority is right. Smoking does not break any of God's or man's laws—except when it comes to smoking in the subways.

In a recent photoplay that had a fairly long Broadway run, the heroine smoked from one end of the picture to the other. She played the role of a modern society girl. One censor, a woman, objected to the picture because she said the star's smoking would corrupt other young girls' minds on the subject and American girls would eventually be smoking their way to hell! Can you imagine such profanity coming from a censor?

Naturally, most all of the censors frown upon a girl taking a cocktail . . . or swearing out loud in a picture. Personally, I am neither a bluenose nor a blueblood about such matters. But, I do not strictly approve of allowing girls to exhibit a fondness for liquor through the medium of the pictures. It is likely to have a very depressing effect on the audience, especially during the era of the great American drought.

ONE CENSOR told me she was irrevocably opposed to passing pictures in which women wore risque costumes and vamped other women's husbands. Of course, she admitted, there were exceptions to her set rule of opposition. But, she states she will never approve of girls rolling down their stockings and sitting in such poses as expose their bare knees.

"But," I interposed, "in the summer time you don't object to a girl's effort to keep co——"

"Stop, right there!" she thundered back. I saw the lady censor was set in her ways on this point, so I decided to pipe down. My silence, however, didn't keep her from finishing. "Women do not roll their stockings below their knees to keep cool. That is merely an excuse—a flagrant lie. They roll their own because that is just one more way of intriguing men," she declared.

Well, what could I say? A poor man can only guess when it comes to women's actions. The censor, being a woman, ought to know why the female of the species rolls her own. I let it go at that.

Cave-man stuff is taboo with a large number of censors. They don't like the rough stuff. Scenes in which big strong he-men sweep the girls of

(*Continued on page 29*)

Treating 'em rough in the Movies.

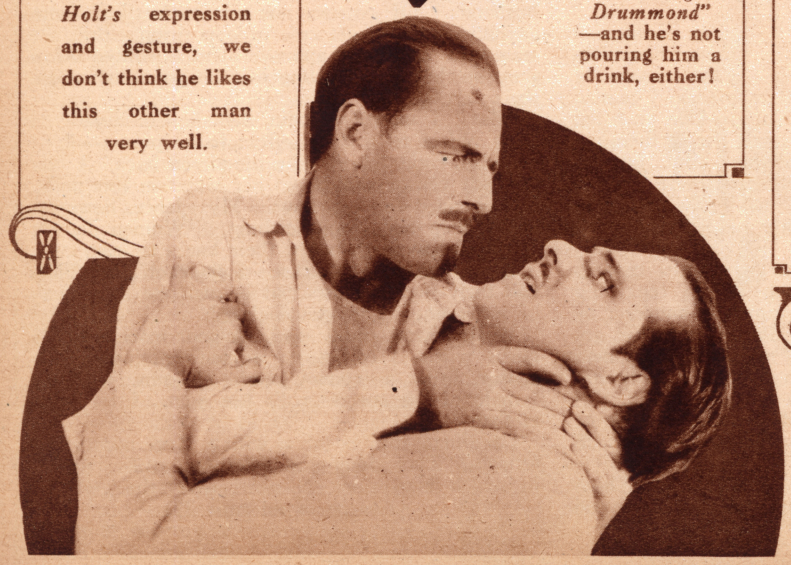
"I've got the drop on you," says *Dorothy Phillips* in *"Hurricane's Gal,"* but if *Wallace Beery* should let go of her, it looks as if *Gertrude Astor* would have the drop—on the floor.

"A Tight Squeeze," we'd call this picture. We're glad *Milton Sills* only gets as mad as this —in the movies!

If we were *Malcolm MacGregor*, we'd be afraid of getting our knuckles cut on those chin bristles!

"Say when," says *Carlyle Blackwell* to the villain in *"Bulldog Drummond"* —and he's not pouring him a drink, either!

Judging by *Jack Holt's* expression and gesture, we don't think he likes this other man very well.



"I *am* in a fix," says *Ruth Roland*, for you can bet those ropes are not there for her to play "skipping rope" with!

How beauty can be a handicap on the screen

As related to
Regina Cannon
By
Rubye de Remer

Former *Ziegfeld beauty* and present *screen actress reveals the handicap* that superlative *good looks impases* before the *cameria's eye*

LAST Tuesday was a Red Letter Day for me. I had anticipated it for a week. For last Tuesday was the day appointed by whatever gods there be, and Rubye de Remer's secretary, for me to have lunch with this much-heralded beauty of the screen.

I ran up the steps of Delmonico's and got caught in the revolving door just late enough to let Miss de Remer know that if she thought I wasn't accustomed to lunching with celebrities of the first water, she still had something to learn.

In all the gay, laughing throng I couldn't find a sign of Rubye. I got panicky. After all my waiting, after buying the new powder, after having the white gloves cleaned—Rubye wasn't going to put in an appearance. And I had fasted for two days in anticipation of that luncheon. I sauntered despondently down to the far end of the lobby to find some secluded nook where I could be alone with my great sorrow.

I found just the place I was looking for. An obscure corner banked with palms. A cozy settee and on it a girl of dazzling beauty. It was Rubye de Remer. Rubye wrapped in sables with a Parisienne *chapeau* adorning her blonde hair.

"Anything wrong?" she inquired. "I had just about given you up. Come, let's go in."

Rubye led the way to a diminutive white table in the corner of the dining room.

"What do you consider the greatest asset one can possess to attain the heights in filmdom?" I hazarded.

"Personality," replied my hostess promptly.

OH," I cried in surprise, "you mean you place personality above—beauty?"

"Far above it," returned Rubye decisively. "The fact is, beauty is sometimes a handicap."

"Rubye de Remer," I asked, truly nonplussed, "are you serious?"

"Absolutely," she returned. "I have seen beautiful girls—girls who wear clothes well—relegated to mere decorative parts in one production after another just because they were beautiful. These girls had ability. Some of them possibly might have become great actresses had they been given the opportunity. But once a director sees in a girl the beauty that will make her an asset in producing atmosphere, her chance of attaining her ambition to do real acting is slim. The usual director is adamant. He will sacrifice anybody and anything to the picture.

"I suppose that's why he's a good director," I suggested.

"I know one girl who made a beautiful picture. She was simply crazy to act. But invariably the director would say, 'No. You're beautiful; the public want you in an exquisite setting, and it's our business to give them what they want—and incidentally to make capital of your appearance.'

"So, you see, what chance has the ambitious beauty?"

Miss de Remer, who was called the most beautiful girl in the world.

"Beauty," said *Miss de Remer*, "is my greatest handicap."

AND having had it explained to me thus clearly, I did see.

"Well," I said, "the beauties are to be commended for wanting to act, for after all, I guess it's the actress who makes the picture."

"I don't quite agree with you there," returned Miss de Remer. "I think it is the director who makes the picture." "No," Rubye continued, becoming reflective, "I don't think, on the whole, that the ability to act is so important as one might suppose. Not as important as it is, for instance, on the speaking stage. There you have to be able really to do the part."

"Just the same," said I, "if I were given my choice of all the desirable attributes of women, I'd choose beauty."

"That's where you'd be wrong," said Miss de Remer, with a wise nod of her golden head. "Personality is the gift, having which, all the other gifts pale into insignificance." Rubye was getting grandiloquent, but she apparently was serious so I listened.

"Hasn't it been your experience that the girl with the irregular features, the not too beautiful complexion, the perhaps dumpy figure, walked off with all the best prizes in the matrimonial game? She had attractiveness, magnetism, that elusive something that you may call personality. Napoleon had it!"

"Stop right there," said I. "I'm willing to go back as far as Third Avenue, but to Middle Europe—No!"

"You may laugh, but just the same the girl who has personality wins even though she may have no claim to beauty of face or form."

"That's all very well," I thought to myself as I fumbled with my bag while Miss de Remer paid the check, "it's all very well for you to talk, you who have both beauty and personality."

For beautiful to the *nth* degree is Rubye de Remer. In fact, Paul Helleu, the eminent artist, who is an authority on such things, proclaims Rubye to be the most beautiful girl in the world. Certainly she is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Studio lights cause Hollywood's excesses

Robert Edeson, popular screen star, *offers* unique *explanation of license* that prevails *in mecca of films*

By Victoria Willis

Robert Edeson and *Hedda Hopper* in a powerful scene from *"Has the World Gone Mad?"* a current picture.

"Studio lights," said *Mr. Edeson*, "sap the vitality."

WE'VE all heard of lights as a cure for what's the matter with you, blue lights, violet lights, sunlight, all kinds of light for all kinds of ailments, but Robert Edeson comes forward with a new idea. He thinks that's what the matter with Hollywood. The screen players get too much of this kind of treatment in the studios!

"I've often wondered," said Robert Edeson, when I went to see him, "why someone doesn't take up this question of lights in the studios. We are always hearing discussions of conditions in Hollywood, the whys and wherefores of unstable marriages among the screen people, but I've never heard anyone mention lights as a factor."

"Lights?" I echoed in amazement. Whatever in the world could lights have to do with marriage or divorce? Unless, perhaps, as the subject for a constant family row about turning the lights off when you leave the room so that the bill won't be so big at the end of the month—we all know all about. But that, I realized at once, wouldn't loom very largely in the lives of movie stars worth, say, five thousand a week. No, that couldn't be it!

Mr. Edeson took his cigarette case out of a pocket of his morning coat. Yes, he wore a cutaway, with striped trousers, one of those outfits which no one but an actor or a society man or a Wall St. plutocrat could wear without being self-conscious.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Edeson, lighting a cigarette, "that those powerful studio lights under which screen players work all day, must have a tremendous effect on them physically. You have to work under them to realize how powerful they are. Just stand under one of them for awhile and see what a sunburn you'll get."

"Not I!" I protested. "Do you mean it's a really bad sunburn?"

"So bad it will blister," Mr. Edeson said emphatically. He puffed at his cigarette.

"Lights," Mr. Edeson continued thoughtfully, "have a powerful effect on the human organism generally. Doctors, of course, prescribe lights for various diseases or disorders—violet ray, X-ray—but you know how very careful they are in giving such treatment. Think, for instance, what a ticklish job it is to give an X-ray treatment."

HE EXTINGUISHED his cigarette.

"Yet, in the studios," he went on in his deep voice—his voice seems to come forth almost from his shoetops—"the screen players have to stand for hours and hours, sometimes all day, under powerful lights that really ought to be administered only by a physician, and the result is that they are completely enervated by the end of the day. The excessive use of lights saps all their strength."

That was a new thought on lights. Heretofore, I had commiserated with actors who were suffering from Kleig eyes—and that's enough suffering to suit even the most hardened sufferer.!—but the idea of lights eating up one's vitality was something new.

"The result of such enervating work is complete nervous exhaustion at the end of the day. After a hard day's work at the studio, the screen player goes home 'all in' and some sort of bracer is almost necessary to tone him up. So a drink or two is only natural, and afterwards, being temporarily stimulated, he begins to look for excitement. And when a lot of people group together looking for excitement, it's no wonder that a few wild parties result."

"And, of course, one drink leads to another, to keep up steam at the party," I put in.

"Exactly," said Mr. Edeson, "it's just an artificial situation that can't really be helped. And another thing that makes me think the big studio lights are responsible for this condition, is the fact that the work itself doesn't exhaust one to such a great extent. I am thinking, for instance, of work out 'on location,' where scenes are shot in the open air. There is no group of people more spontaneously gay than a picture company out on location. Up in the mountains, for instance, they work hard all day—just as hard, presumably, as at the studio, but they work under natural conditions, in the open air, and under natural light. At the end of the day, the actors will be tired, yes—everyone is bound to be tired after a day's work—but they will be naturally, wholesomely fatigued."

"A pleasant weariness," I agreed. You know how you feel after a hike.

YES," said Mr. Edeson, "such fatigue is of your muscles, it makes you want to sit around the fire or something equally restful. It's a different feeling from the exhaustion after a day's work under powerful arc lights. That's not only bodily weariness, it's a collapse of your nervous forces as well, a minature nervous breakdown. You come home, not with a pleasant feeling of tiredness, but with the sensation of having all your energy just squeezed right out of you."

"The state of mind when you feel there is nothing to do but lie down and die," I suggested.

"Almost that," he said, "and with day after day of that, is it any wonder you hear of a lot of liquor being drunk in Hollywood? It's often a case of an actor's requiring some sort of stimulus to pull himself out of a state of nervous collapse."

And when it's put that way, as Mr. Edeson puts it, the whole cause and effect seem rather logical, don't they? So the next time you sit back snugly in your armchair, reading your newspaper, "I see that screen star, Letty Leffingwell, has got another divorce. Those terrible screen people!" don't be too hard on her. She isn't trying to be naughty. It's just those studio lights!

Why has PEARL WHITE gone into a convent?

Is it sorrow over the mysterious disappearance of her husband or is she just weary of fame

By Dwight Hildring

Pearl White, famous screen star, whose delicate blonde beauty is known wherever motion pictures are projected. *Miss White* recently astonished the world by retiring to a *French* convent.

WHAT mysterious reason has prompted Pearl White to seek the seclusion of a French convent, leaving behind her all the glitter of life as a screen star?

Is she fleeing from the world because of unrequited love? Is she trying to forget her first husband, Wally McCutcheon? Or is she merely temporarily retiring from worldly things to prepare herself for married life again as the wife of a wealthy French nobleman?

When Pearl White left the United States a few months ago, she announced that she would undoubtedly spend some time in seclusion in France. She asserted that she was weary, weary of the round of making pictures, of the constant strain upon her nerves caused by work, by demands made upon her for public appearances, and by the constant efforts of fans to get in touch with her, to intrude upon her privacy.

But it happens that Pearl White's recent life has been filled with incidents quite as thrilling as those which have formed the substance of many of her most successful films.

A little over a year ago, her first husband, Wally McCutcheon, vanished from the face of the earth. A popular Broadwayite, known personally to hundreds of screen and stage players, he disappeared without leaving a trace.

Some say he fled from the turmoil of New York into the great woods. That he is working as a lumberjack in the North. There is no proof, however, of his ever having been seen. Is Pearl White trying to forget the man whom she once pledged herself to love, honor and obey? The world was shocked to hear of the death of a poorly paid extra player, a man who doubled for Pearl White in a dangerous scene in one of her recent pictures.

THE finger of scorn was levelled at her because she had always professed that she never used a double. Is Pearl White fleeing from the haunting memory of that unknown, unsung actor who gave his life so that her reputation as a daredevil might not be besmirched?

Or is she weary of fame? Is she tired of the plaudits of the fans? Is she weary of hearing the cry, "Camera!" "Cut!" To an interviewer who saw her just before she sailed for France, she declared that the glaring Kleig lights were almost blinding.

Or has she found romance anew? In America, Pearl White's reputation rests upon her ability in serials, in thrillers, but in the Latin countries, in France, Italy, Spain, she is the most popular of all American feminine stars. The swarthy sons of Southern Europe love her fairy blondness.

OFTEN she has appeared on the boulevards of Paris, in the variety theatres of the capital of France. She has mingled with the haut-monde, high society. It is whispered that her hand has been sought out by a nobleman of the ancient regime, that he has a little daughter who appealed greatly to the mother heart of childless Pearl White.

It was as the heroine of serial thrillers that *Miss White* became famous the world over. In the heyday of her fame, no screen stunt was too perilous for her to undertake.

Has Pearl White come to the dividing line of her life, the day on which she has renounced fame and fortune for the sake of finding her own soul again?

These questions have set tongues buzzing in professional circles since the vivacious Pearl went to Europe and since cable dispatches confirmed the report that she is spending her days in the quiet garden of some convent in the south of France. They will remain unanswered until she returns to the screen or remarries.

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WHY PAMPERED HEROINES ARE POPULAR ON THE SCREEN

By Alice Mason Johnson

Have you a little touch of the vamp in your make-up? If so then read this and learn why audiences like the screen lillies of the field

WHY IS it, do you suppose, that the audience attending a vampire movie is largely made up of gentle old ladies, straight-laced spinsters, virtuous wives and mothers, and eminent workers in the church and W. C. T. U.?

I'll tell you, if you promise to keep it a secret, for I wouldn't hurt their respectable feelings for anything in the world.

They're working off the vampire complex!

Yes, indeed, they've got it, and so have you! Deny if you dare that, at some time or other, you haven't heaved a sigh, and said to yourself that, if things had only been different, and you hadn't become engaged to George, whose mother is a Methodist; or you hadn't married Henry, who is a pillar of the church; or you had been left an orphan, with nothing but your beauty of face and figure between you and . . . well, starvation, you might have . . . anyway, things *would* have been different!

If you have always been on the square with the men you know, it's only natural that you should be slightly peeved when some unprincipled member of your sex lures your masculine friends away by fair means or foul, and then adds insult to injury by laughing at your discomfiture.

Why, then, if you are a conscientious hater of the woman in real life who flaunts her string of admirers in your face, and makes no secret of her selfish intention of taking all and giving nothing, do you sigh in rapture over the film parasite who wrecks homes and happiness before your eyes?

As a creature of silken scented comfort, *Barbara La Marr* excels, and the public adores her.

Nazimova has had some of her greatest screen successes in roles of jaded daughters of joy, and she is still going strong.

Mae Murray, who invariably portrays the role of a pampered darling, a part in which the public loves her.

Why do you dash to the Strand, the Capitol, or the Rialto in your native city in haste to purchase tickets to "Peacock Alley," "The Gilded Lily," or "A Daughter of Luxury," there to sit through a couple of hours of vamping de luxe without missing a detail of gorgeousness or withholding a bit of ungrudging admiration for the screen heroine, who is busily engaged in twining helpless males about her jewelled fingers?

You should see old Mrs. Gregg watching Nita Naldi, or Mae Murray, or Nazimova, asking for the earth from their screen lovers, and, incidentally, getting it. She forgets that she's president of the Ladies' Aid, and that her perfect 44 is no longer the 36 of girlhood days. She forgets that with the bad business year Mr. Gregg has had, her last winter's coat will have to do another season.

She only remembers that she was a reigning belle in her younger days, and that if Gregg could have only seen the looks the other girls gave her when all the men hung around begging for the next scottische or mazurka, he might appreciate her now more than he does.

Yet it was old Mrs. Gregg herself who thought tar and feathers would be mild punishment for the Baltimore woman who came and visited with the minister's wife, and made eyes at all the respectable married men in the parish.

THE MARRIED woman who is bored with life and disappointed in her husband, goes to see the film vampire with hope in her heart. She forgets her boredom, and her unhappy state of mind. Breathlessly, in her imagination she becomes the heroine of the play. Commonplace John becomes the passionate lover, and for two hours of blissful adventuring, this woman makes believe that she is a heartless siren, with scores of men at the beck and call of her beauty.

The homely, diffident girl, who, with a smile on her face and despair in her heart, occupies a permanent place along the wall at every dance, finds in the pampered and petted screen heroine, the epitome of her own unanswered longings. In her imagination, she, too, moves with stately grace, and her beauty is such that men leave their wives, mothers and sweethearts to do homage at her feet.

Mazie, the little blonde stenographer, who has

(*Continued on page 28*)

What I think of girls

by JACKIE COOGAN

As told to Alma M. Tally

"I think girls are fine," says *Jackie Coogan*, "especially *Alma Lloyd*."

"HELLO," said Jackie, as I was ushered into his rooms at the Biltmore, "I want to show you something."

Now that was what you might call instantaneous friendship, Jackie never having laid eyes on me before!

"My, what's this?" I said, as he showed me a game that was spread out all over his bed. It was an electrical question answerer.

Jackie sprawled out on the bed and picked up a long cord, like those the telephone operators use to plug in with. He stuck the steel end of it into a little hole that marked a question.

"When was Williamsburg bridge opened—to—the—public?" Jackie read slowly. "Now you see," he explained, "I take the other end of this thing and run it down the board like this, see, and then, when it buzzes, that's my answer."

He ran the other end of the plug down the keyboard and suddenly there was a buzz just as Jackie had predicted. His big, round, saucer eyes got bigger and rounder and saucier. He has, I'm sure, the roundest eyes in the world, and he has very blond hair that is cut in a straight bob. He looks just like any other very cute youngster, a bit pale, perhaps. He wore a tan washable suit buttoned around the waist.

"You see, here's the answer," he said triumphantly. "Now you ask one, and I'll answer it."

When we had found out about all but two or three things in the world, I asked him what he thought about girls.

"I think they're nice," he said briefly. "Want to see me shoot those men down?"

No, don't be alarmed, they were only little wooden men that were standing over by the wall as targets for Jackie's new pop gun. He shot at them twice and missed, but the third time he knocked down all three at once.

"Oh, daddy," he called triumphantly, dashing into the sitting room of their suite—"don't you go 'way," he flung back at me over his shoulder—"daddy, I knocked down all three men at once."

ONE OF the men in the party came back into the room with him.

"You didn't finish picking up those blocks," said Jackie reproachfully to him, indicating some blocks on the floor which they had been playing with. Jackie adjusted his pop gun for another shot at the men.

"Why don't you pick them up yourself, Jackie?" I asked curiously.

He looked at me with a withering glance, a glance that might have said, "You poor dumbbell, haven't you got any sense?"

"Why, I've got to entertain you, of course," he explained logically. His tone indicated that I was rather an idiot for asking such an obvious question.

The man smothered a laugh and picked up the blocks while Jackie shot his pop gun at the wall.

'Baby Peggy's cute," says *Jackie*, "but she's very young."

The gun shot out a sort of arrow with a rubber suction cap on the end, so that it stuck to the wall for a moment after he shot it. This quite fascinated Jackie, and he shot it to all parts of the room.

"Do you like girls, Jackie?" I asked him.

"Yes, said he. "I think they're fine."

"What else do you think of them?" I inquired.

"They're just fine," he repeated. That covered everything.

"Do you like any special girls?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jackie, squinting as he aimed his pop gun.

"I don't suppose you'd want to tell me which girls?" I said doubtfully, remembering how bashful small boys usually are in affairs of the heart.

"Sure," said Jackie, "Alma Lloyd."

"Who's she?"

"Her father directed my last picture," he explained, aiming his pop gun again. "Oh, gee, I wonder if I could hit the ceiling," he said eagerly, seized with a new idea. His idea worked out beautifully. He hit the ceiling and the suction cap held the arrow up there.

NOW, how're you going to get it down?" I asked him.

"Throw this thing up after it and knock it down," he explained readily, referring to the gun half of his pop gun. But he was saved the trouble for the other half fell down. He shot it up again to be sure he could do it, then he dashed out of the room again to show "mamma" that he could hit the ceiling.

"Do you know Baby Peggy?" I inquired, when he came back.

"Yes, sure I know her."

"Like her?"

"Sure, she's cute," he admitted, "but she's too young."

"How old are you, Jackie," I asked him, "seven?"

"Eight years old," he corrected.

I rose to go.

"Good-bye, Jackie," I called after him.

"Oh, good-bye," said he casually, just like any other boy of eight

"The Covered Wagon" recreates old west

Screen version of Emerson Hough's novel *is a story* of *Indian fights* and fighter *in* early *pioneer days* on the *Western frontier*

By Paul Rochester

ABOVE: The caravan train which transported the equipment essential to the filming of *"The Covered Wagon"* in the *Utah* desert.

THERE have been western pictures *and* western pictures. Here, however, is a western picture honestly made "out where the west begins."

"The Covered Wagon" is probably the biggest western of all time. It is an epic of '49, of the daring, indomitable pioneers who fought their way across plains and desert to the golden west of their dreams, fighting hunger, thirst, wild beasts and equally wild redskins. And in the course of "The Covered Wagon," many and many a redskin bites the well-known dust.

Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan

Ernest Torrence,* screen bad man par excellence, who contributes a substantial quota to the villainy of *"The Covered Wagon."

First of all, "The Covered Wagon" wasn't made in Hollywood. It was made out on the real transcontinental trail, in Utah, near the Nevada line where the country is just as undeveloped as it was in pioneer days, and where the largest existing herd of buffalo still roams the flat lands.

Nine states were combed for a suitable location before production began. At the little town of Baker, Nevada, a rancher, Otto Meek, was encountered. He had recently bought a large property just over the Utah state line, in which a lake lay and which was entirely suitable for the exteriors of the film. The buffaloes were privately owned and their domain was on Antelope Island, in the Great Salt Lake, not far from the Otto Meek property.

After Jack Cunningham had adapted the Emerson Hough novel, and James Cruze, the director, had engaged a cast, four members of the company went to Antelope Island for the bison hunt which is the big thrill of the picture. Tully Marshall, Ernest Torrence, J. Warren Kerrigan and Alan Hale participated in the hunt. Cowboys rounded up the herd and stunt actors performed the various tricks necessary.

When the hunt was over, Mr. Cruze and the four players went to the camp constructed on the Meek property, where they met Lois Wilson, Ethel Wales, Charles Ogle, John Fox, Guy Oliver, and the hundreds of minor players in the company. The camp was constructed in a wilderness. Access to it was possible only by means of motor car, and the roads, especially through the Wah-Wah mountains and through Whirlwind Valley, are unspeakably bad.

The whites had one camp on the Meek property, the Indians, from the Arapaho, Bannock, Shoshone, Chow and Navaho tribes, another nearby. Mess halls, commissary departments, stores, construction shops, smithies, garages, were built for the movie colony, which numbered in all 2,000.

Four hundred covered pioneer wagons were used, with steers broken to the yoke. In this location most of the big scenes were made, the attack of the Indians, the jump-off from Westport Landing; the fording of rivers, a prairie fire, etc.

AN OLD fort was built on the prairie, ferry landings were constructed, and barges, rowboats, and ferries were built right on the ground.

In other words, the production of "The Covered Wagon" was one of the most colossal feats of the motion picture industry. Not only was it necessary to bring back to life the spirit and the realistic flavor of '49, but a mushroom city, with electric lights, a police force of ten deputy sheriffs, and many modern conveniences had to be erected.

"The Covered Wagon" tells the story of a love affair in the course of one of those marvelous pilgrimages of the old days in the West. The human story fades into insignificance, however, before the stupendous natural backgrounds of the picture. The Old West has been filmed this time as it never was before.

Production started on "The Hunchback of Notre

(Continued on page 28)

WHAT I KNOW About Husbands

As related to Grace Kingsley

by MARIE PREVOST

Dainty *screen star reveals* opinions on *men in* their *relations to matrimony*—Finds *most* of them *wanting*

Marie Prevost and *Monte Blue* in an intimate scene from *"The Beautiful and Damned,"* a recent release

I HEAR that you have confided to your bosom friend, or to your confessor, or to your washerwoman or somebody that you consider there are three varieties of husband!"

I sprung this on Marie Prevost as we were bowling down Hollywood Boulevard in her new Cadillac the other day.

"Oh, why spoil the afternoon by mentioning husbands," demanded Marie, "especially husbands in bulk like that?"

"Then why tell your washerwoman that's what you think?" I demanded, as we nodded to Charlie Ray and his wife dashing along in their new car.

"Now there goes——" Marie began.

"Yes?" I interrupted breathlessly.

"There goes the right kind of a husband—Charlie Ray. Of all the three kinds——"

"There, Marie!" I triumphed. "Did you hear what you just said? So you really did tell someone about the three different kinds of husbands!"

"Well—er—not having been married——" Marie backed down modestly. "Why not,"—she brightened—"why not pick on Kenneth Harlan in this matter, and ask him about three kinds of wives? He's been married, you know."

Kenneth is Marie's fiance. Maybe Marie would like to hear what Kenneth has to say when he's talking in an interview, and under oath to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth about what he thinks of wives.

"Well, just say you've learned about husbands from picture plays," I suggested.

"Won't do at all," said Marie. "They're too obvious. In picture plays there is just the very, very good husband and the very, very bad husband."

"Observation, then," I prompted.

"That'll do," answered Marie, and I knew from the light that brightened her eye that, even though she had never had a husband, she had lots of ideas about them. Or was it *because* she had never had one? Anyhow, now that she was fairly cornered, I knew I could probe her soul.

"Well," said Marie, with deep conviction, "first, there's the kind of husband that has been going out all his life, who knows the world, who has been a rounder, but who finally gets married and wants to stay at home all the time. And wants his wife to stay at home, too—fusses if she turns around. Wouldn't that be awful luck for a girl?"

"What if she has been the stay-at-home kind herself?" I interrupted.

"Oh, but he never picks on that kind! He either gets the kind of girl who is used to going out, and wants to spend her evenings gaily, or he gets a girl who has been compelled to stay at home, but who thinks now she is married to a bright, gay man, she is going to see a bit of life. That's right where I say that girls shouldn't marry men older than themselves—at least not much older."

"Well," I said, "I don't think that sort of husband is a single bit nice. Next!"

"Well," said Marie, "the next kind is even worse. He is the kind who doesn't decide to step out until he is about forty, and who then goes at it hard. He thinks he is young again, I guess, and he thinks his wife is too old for him. So he picks the chickens and then the chickens pluck him."

"What should his wife do?" I asked.

"When in doubt, do nothing," said Marie, "and his wife will nearly always be in doubt. Especially if there are children."

"A woman," declared *Miss Prevost*, "shouldn't overburden her husband with social obligations or theatre events. She should see that he gets relaxation."

"Should she dress up, massage her face, take anti-fat and paint her gray hair?" I asked.

"Won't do a bit of good," said Marie. "But it's an awfully touchy subject to argue on. Every woman to her own method, say I! Besides, what do I know about keeping a husband? I haven't even got one yet!"

over Marie's face.

THE laughter that brings out all the little stray dimples rippled

"So far the outlook for husbands is pretty dark," I suggested. "Now for number three."

"A lot of girls marry simply because it's being done," went on Marie thoughtfully but apparently irrelevantly. "You know it is after you are married that you really are free to enjoy life. That is when a girl really gets a chance to go out——"

"That's the French theory," I frowned. "You sound positively immoral. "Besides we're getting away off the track. How about the third kind of husband?" I went on hastily, thinking about Will Hays.

"I'm just coming to that," said Marie serenely. "A husband should be a pal."

"Oh, that's been the life-long yearning of generations of women!" I exclaimed.

"I know," said Marie, not a bit upset by my cynicism. "But women haven't fitted themselves for pal-ship. They've been either mothers or

(*Continued on page* 28)

This is enough to thrill any movie fan—*Norma* and *Eugene O'Brien* and moonlight.

"JAVA

Joseph Hergesheimer's Novel Screen—*Norma Talmadge* in *Other Pictures* as *Seen by*

pilgrimage except that it gives the picture a chance for some desert scenes, obviously made in Hollywood. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the picture fails to give any illusion of reality.

Of course, the plot goes on, ad nauseum, but it isn't worth telling about. Eugene O'Brien plays the young minister, with whom she falls in love, and looks entirely out of place in the clerical trappings. Norma, as the heartbroken woman, seems to find consolation in changing her gowns, consequently she wore many and lavish ones. Edwin Stevens does well with the role of her villainous husband and Winter Hall plays a bishop.

It is one of the most suffering roles of Miss Talmadge's career and she undoubtedly is the most expert sufferer on the screen!—so the picture will afford a happy hour for those fans who like to watch her and weep!

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"ROMANCE LAND"

Tom Mix Turns Knight

It's unusual to see Tom Mix in a suit of armor, in contrast to his customary cowboy outfit. And this picture is rather out of the ordinary for Tom Mix, in that he plays a romantic role, a" when-knights-were-bold" sort of part.

Leatrice Joy makes a *velly pletty Chinee*, and *Albert Roscoe* plays her husband, in *"Java Head."*

"JAVA HEAD"

Leatrice Joy as a Chinese Heroine

Joseph Hergesheimer's story has been followed quite closely except in one or two details, and the result is a really good picture. The story takes place in Salem, Mass., in about 1840 and the atmosphere is delightfully real and vivid.

The tale concerns young Gerrit Ammidon, who brings home a Chinese wife from his voyage to Shanghai, whom he had been obliged to marry in order to save her life. Naturally, there is consternation in his family and grief on the part of his former fiancee, Nettie Vollar. But the Chinese wife, in her love for him, makes the way clear for his happiness in the end.

Leatrice Joy and Jacqueline Logan have enough beauty and charm between them to put most any picture across and they are delightful in this one. Leatrice plays the Chinese heroine in a captivating way, though she never at any time seems very Chinese. You never forget that it is Leatrice Joy and not a Chinese princess.

Albert Roscoe makes the hero extremely attractive and others in the cast who stand out are George Fawcett and Frederick Strong, as the grandfather and father, respectively, of the two lovers, and Raymond Hatton in an ugly role as a drug addict.

The picture is really quite out of the ordinary.

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"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET"

Norma Talmadge in a Poor Picture

It is only the fact that Norma Talmadge is the star that makes this picture even possible. It is mounted lavishly, and handled in the usual magnificent manner of the Talmadge pictures, but nothing can redeem the triteness of the plot.

But there are fans who like their movie fare sweet and sticky, and there are plenty who will weep over the marital difficulties of the Lady Carlyle, the martyred heroine of this story. She is on her way to England from India, to get a divorce, but a young man friend who is studying for the ministry persuades her to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land with their party and reconsider. There seems no possible reason why she should go on such a

The leading lady's guardian has appropriated some of her money and wishes to marry her to "Counterfeit Bill," so that the latter won't tell what he knows about it. But she has romantic ideas and falls in love with Tom, riding around in his suit of armor. Then follows a tournament in which she agrees to marry the winning knight, feeling sure that Tom will win.

All very fantastic, of course, and highly melodramatic. But it is done in a sufficiently farcical way to take the curse off somewhat, though it remains only a moderately entertaining picture.

"HEAD" A CONFLICT of EAST and WEST

Well Done on the a Poor Picture—

Ruth Mabry

Barbara Bedford plays the romantic young miss and George Webb is the villain. It isn't a picture that will thrill you, but neither, probably, will you be bored by it.

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"THE PRISONER"

McCutcheon's "Castle Craneycrow" Screen Version of George Barr

The trouble with this picture is that it is about ten years too late for the plot it presents. It is the type of story which George Barr McCutcheon made famous in his best-seller days, the highly romantic tale of a mythical prince and a young American who wins the beautiful lady from him amid all sorts of complications.

Ten years ago, that would have made a fascinating picture. But plots like that have been worn shabby since McCutcheon introduced them, and there seems no especial reason for bringing "Castle Craneycrow" back to life. Nothing is deader than a bygone best seller that hasn't earned immortality—except a last year's popular song.

As for the picture itself, it reproduces the novel, which we remember only dimly, rather accurately. Herbert Rawlinson plays the American, Philip Quentin, and Eileen Percy is the heroine, with Bertram Grassby as the villainous prince. There are those who might prefer him to the star. June Elvidge has a more sympathetic role than she is usually given and is extremely likable.

Jacqueline Logan looks her winsomest in *"Java Head."*

This is quite a trick costume that *Tom Mix* does his courting in, in *"Romance Land."* *Barbara Bedford* is the girl in the case.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA"

One of Those Stories Laid in a Mythical Kingdom

There is absolutely nothing new to make this picture stand out from the many dozens—hundreds, in fact—of other pictures that take place in a mythical kingdom to which an American adventurer comes and sees and conquers.

Ed Gibson plays the adventurous American, this time a doughboy on leave, who gets by mistake into Cardonia, a principality of Spain. And, of course, there is the unusual intrigue about the throne and the girl—in fact, the whole story is so trite and stale that it isn't worth outlining in this review. It has its humorous moments when Ed impersonates a bandit, and when the military police arrive to arrest him for being A. W. O. L. The doughboy stuff will undoubtedly please men fans who were in the army during the late war.

Louise Lorraine looks rather charming as the leading lady, whom all the fuss is about and Carmen Phillips lives up to her first name by being very Spanish and vampish.

What is day by day in every way becoming more and more of a crying need of the screen is stories in which there is sufficient dramatic conflict to hold the interest of the spectator from start to finish. Too many pictures nowadays are narrative.

HELEN FERGUSON
who is appearing in
"BRASS"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
who will star in
"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

How to obtain work as an Extra

By Madge Bellamy

Popular screen beauty, *tells* movie aspirants *how to get* work *in* the *studios*

Madge Bellamy in her *Pocahontas* costume, which reveals this fascinating screen star's beauty in a new aspect.

IN THE first place, don't be ashamed of the fact that you have to start in pictures as an extra. Many of our best actresses began at the bottom of the ladder and worked up. Florence Vidor, who recently gave such a splendid portrayal in "Skin Deep," an Ince picture, was an extra girl until one tiny bit of work that she did attracted the spectators' eyes and she was singled out and given better roles.

The importance of background is being recognized more and more by the studios. In fact, now one seldom hears the word "extra" around the studios, as most of them are now calling all their people "actors"—everyone in the picture plays a part, no matter how small it may be. I have used the old term "extra" in this series, as it is more generally known, but when you obtain your first engagement you will find that the mob-lots and "bull-pens" of former days are fast disappearing and that extra work is taking on a new dignity compatible with its importance to the picture.

Your first necessity, of course, will be a good photograph to leave with the casting director. Don't pose in some fanciful costume or outlandish attitude which may look attractive or unusual in the eyes of the home-town photographer. The casting director wants to see how you photograph, not what unique poses you can assume. If you contemplate applying for work in bathing girl comedies, you might bring a few photographs in a bathing suit. But such comedies are seldom made any more and what the casting directors really prefer is a close-up of your face, together with a profile view, showing that you have photographic features.

TOUCH up the eyelashes with mascara and the lips with a bit of rouge, and the results will be much better. Don't pose with a hat, unless you feel so generous that you want to leave two pictures with some of the studios, as the one without a hat, showing your head and features, is essential. It would be best, if you live in a small town, to wait until you reach Hollywood to have your photographs taken. You can get professional rates here and besides the photographers understand the requirements of picture work through long experience and can pose you to better advantage.

Write legibly on the back of each picture—your name, address, telephone number, height, weight, complexion and other data. For instance, you will want to say that you are experienced, as you do not stand much chance without it, here where there are so many extras. If you have studied these articles carefully, and if you keep your eyes open, you can avoid being pointed out as a green-horn; and after you have worked once or twice, you are experienced, aren't you?

Add "complete wardrobe," for surely you wouldn't think of trying for picture work without those few essential clothes that I mentioned in a previous article. If you can, swim, ride horseback, dance, play golf and tennis, or drive a motor, don't keep the information to yourself.

BUT I want to advise you right here not to state that you can do hazardous stunts unless you really are proficient in them, for mis-statements on this score often result in delays to the company—which prohibit the extra's being engaged again—and sometimes in accidents. In one of my pictures a girl, eager for work, had noted on the back of her photograph that she could do high diving. Fearful of missing an engagement, she hesitated to confess to the director that she couldn't and it wasn't until we were all out on location that she began to realize the risk she was taking and admitted that she knew nothing about it. That necessitated a long wait while another girl could be obtained for the role who could do the necessary scene—and did nothing to sweeten the director's disposition. So, while it is all right for you to say "experienced"—while it is really expected of you as everyone does—don't stretch it to apply to hazardous stunts unless you really can do those things.

If your name is a long one or difficult to pronounce or spell, change it. But avoid those flowery, alliterative names, as they brand you as an amateur. Recall the names of our foremost stars and you will realize that there are few "Flora Florine Fletchers," or "Alicia Alines," among them. Select a good American, short, easily pronounced name—or use your own.

THE best way to obtain work as an extra is to register at the various service bureaus downtown, whose addresses you can obtain from the telephone book, and to go around to the studios and interview the casting director. And keep going. If you don't get a call soon, don't get discouraged. Keep your pluck. It is largely a matter of luck and of impressing yourself upon the casting director as being good photographic material. Don't try to impress him by being smart-alecky or by attempting to vamp him—he is steel-plated. Besides, he probably has a wife and baby at home and will only be disgusted with you. Approach him in a busjness-like manner, let him see that you are very earnest and eager about getting work, but don't overdo it or he will think you've had no engagement for a

(*Continued on page 28*)

"Don't be ashamed of the fact that you have to start in pictures as an extra," said *Miss Bellamy*.

Why I don't want to be famous

by ELINOR FAIR

As related to Lewis F. Levenson

Rising young *screen actress* tells *what it means* to *achieve success* on the *silver screen* and find it a *pasteboard crown*

Elinor Fair in a dramatic scene from *"Driven,"* her most recent picture, the story of which is laid in the heart of the *Tennessee* mountains.

"I have seen all I want to see of the consequences of fame," declared *Miss Fair*. "I don't want it. I prize my own happy, and *quiet* life too much."

PASTEBOARD CROWN

THE OTHER day I ran into a miracle of miracles—speaking, of course, strictly of motion pictures.

I met a movie actress who declares that she doesn't want to become famous.

Elinor Fair is the girl. And you are to understand at the start that she doesn't fear fame because she lacks confidence in her ability to win it. She has played successfully in many important pictures and is the girl heroine of the sensational "Driven" of Charles Brabin.

"I have seen all I want to see of the consequences of fame," she told me, as she sat opposite me in her spacious studio on Madison Avenue. "I have been playing leads and was co-starred both in New York and on the Coast and I number most of the well-known stars among my acquaintances. I have been out with them, have seen how they live. I don't want it. I prize my own happy contented and *quiet* life too much!"

You naturally are inclined to ask Miss Fair why she prefers her own satisfactory income and her own modest reputation as an actress to the world-wide renown of such players as Mary Pickford, Theda Bara and others.

"First of all," she declares, "because they haven't a moment's peace. Not long ago I went for a ride with a star who has always managed to keep herself aloof. She has never courted publicity by showing herself in public. Her husband was with us and we rode about quite a bit, shopped a bit, and were getting thirsty.

"'Let's stop somewhere and get a soda,' she suggested. We drew up in front of a Broadway tea room and the star's husband descended from the car.

"'What will you have, T———?' he asked, using her first name. A man was passing nearby. He heard the magic name, turned, saw her face, made familiar to him by the many pictures in which she has appeared. He dashed down the block, ran back with two companions, hurried across the street and found another friend, and all four stood staring at her. Soon others joined the little group. By the time the sodas were ready, Mr. B——— had to fight his way through a crowd. I was so embarrassed by our audience that I assure you I don't remember how the soda tasted.

"A few weeks ago I met a famous male star in the lobby of a hotel. We chatted a while and he told me he had an appointment, that he would have to leave me. I walked with him to the street and stood talking to him while he hailed a taxicab. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed something rather strange going on. The people on the sidewalk, instead of hurrying along as they had been doing when we appeared, seemed rooted to the spot. I looked about. For ten feet on either side of us, people were standing transfixed, apparently stricken with paralysis by the sight of this star. I was glad to jump into a taxi myself and elude their stares.

THEN I am acquainted with a world-famous pugilist. He has a marvelous radio set and he entertains frequently at his home. I was over there last week for about an hour. During that time he received half a dozen telegrams, two or three long distance telephone messages, not to mention innumerable local calls. Visitors were knocking at the door, special delivery letters were arriving, and the radio set was roaring at full blast. The poor fellow didn't have a moment's peace.

"I took a stroll up Broadway with him one afternoon recently. No one seemed to remark us, but near Forty-eighth Street he suggested that we drop into a haberdashery, as he wanted to purchase a few ties. Just as we entered the store we were spotted. The crowd grew larger and larger. We weren't in the store longer than three minutes, but when we started out a policeman had to open a path for us and we had to jump into a taxi to get away from the mob.

"Now you understand why I don't want to be famous. Don't believe for a moment I don't like to see my name in the electric lights. I do. Everyone does. But I'm happy to be able to walk about the world without having a brass band and a squad of policemen to escort me."

Elinor Fair was born in Virginia, but she wasn't bred there. "I went to California when I was a little kid, and that is how I got into pictures," she told me. And as both Virginia and California are

(*Continued on page 28*)

"The Net"

a story of false accusation

A husband's profligacy and a wife's loyalty conspire to place an innocent man within the shadow of the hangman's noose

Allayne (*Barbara Castleton*) is the beautiful daughter of an old and aristocratic family in the South. She is courted by the handsome and reckless *Bruce Norman* (*Raymond Bloomer*), whom she loves and finally consents to marry.

But the marriage, instead of reforming *Norman*, only plunges him deeper into his wild ways of living. The birth of a child brings only sorrow to *Allayne*, who strives vainly to reform her husband.

Knowing that *Allayne* is accustomed to visiting the studio of her cousin, an artist, *Norman* goes there. A quarrel follows in which the artist is stabbed to death.

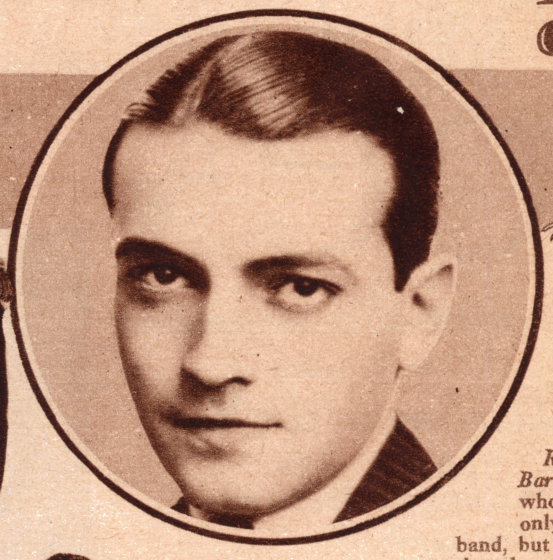
Seeking to divert suspicion, *Norman* blames the crime on a man present, who has entered the studio in a dazed condition. This man (*Albert Roscoe*) is accused of the artist's murder.

The dazed man, whose memory is impaired, is taken to *Allayne's* home, where he is told *Allayne* is his wife. He accepts her as such and is prepared to pay the penalty for the crime he is charged with having committed.

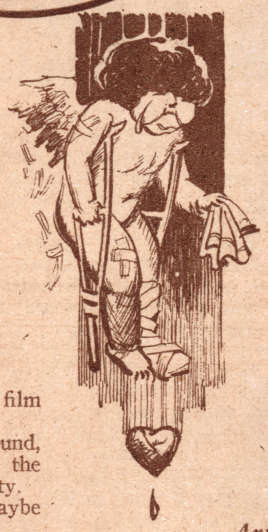
Love for the stranger, however, has awakened now in *Allayne*, and it leads to his acquittal and to the final happiness of them both.

DOES MATRIMONY HURT THE FILM STAR'S POPULARITY?

Betty Blythe, who is one of the happiest wives on the screen. *Betty* is married to the well-known director, *Paul Scardon.*



Richard Barthelmess, who is not only a husband, but a father, the happy event having taken place a few short weeks ago.



Antonio Moreno, who recently astonished the world by marrying a beautiful society woman. In no wise has it affected his popularity with the fans.

Norma Talmadge, who is a screen star and wife

Speculation on effect screen *star's marriage* has on public *reveals* that *it doesn't hurt* the *men* but it *does* the *women*—a little

By Grace Greenwood

DOES matrimony hurt the film star's popularity?

Strange as it may sound, it doesn't seem to hurt the masculine star's popularity.

As for the feminine star's—maybe it does, a little.

Which might lead one into a psychological study. What is the reason for this difference, if any?

Is it because the male is really more conventional than the female, and so the male fan doesn't permit himself the interest in the woman who belongs to another man that he feels in the one who doesn't?

Are women more predatory really?

Or is it that female adoration is based on a finer feeling than that of the male, so that mere pure hero worship suffices her?

I see I'm piling up the question marks. They will have to remain question marks so far as this discourse is concerned, except as to the general question. You must figure it out for yourselves.

It is the just-happened marriage of Antonio Moreno and the projected marriage of Charlie Chaplin and the comparatively-far-in-the-past marriage of Rodolph Valentino, which precipitated the question.

Marriage seemed rather to augment Rodolph's popularity than otherwise. I suppose you have heard how, in Philadelphia, they had to take Valentino into the court house to get him away from the rabble, and then the crowd broke down the doors!

And there is another Valentino story. At the premiere of a certain film, Valentino and Richard Barthelmess met outside the door. Barthelmess took Valentino aside and talked to him seriously:

"You should be back on the screen now," warned Barthelmess. "The public will soon forget you. They are probably beginning to forget you now."

Then the two went into the theatre.

The mob swarmed. It fairly gathered Valentino up in its arms. A young man was found huddled up in a corner. He was Dick Barthelmess. Nobody knew he was there.

Yet Barthelmess is another great favorite. And marriage enhanced his popularity if anything, too, by the way.

ANTONIO MORENO has just wed. Also, after all these years in pictures, he is just coming into his own. In other words, he is to "be himself." He is beginning to play Latins, instead of Irishmen and Swedes!

I do not believe that his marriage will halt the idol worshippers of the feminine gender. I know it will not halt the faith of picture producers in him. And not only is 'Tony endlessly fascinating, but he is much liked by both men and women. And Antonio is a very fine actor.

Charlie Chaplin's marriage, if it occurs, will not hurt him unless, curiously enough, with the men. So far as the women are concerned, except for some of his ex's, his popularity will not be injured with the ladies in the slightest.

But the men—they are used to thinking of Charlie as a sort of glorified clown! He is a great artist, but that means nothing to them. A glorified clown is not married, of course. He moves in an erratic world. All his standards are different. Marriage seems to stabilize him, to bring him down to earth. He no longer lives, in their minds, in a bizarre world. Puck would never wed!

Women stars, on the other hand, from Mary Pickford down, have all told me that they believed that the fact of their marriages being known did hurt their popularity, especially with the opposite sex. Mary Pickford, of course, depended on the women and children largely, anyhow, so it didn't matter so much to her, except that it made her playing of little children seem a trifle incongruous.

ANITA STEWART never wanted her marriage to Rudey Cameron known. She said she was sure that it injured her popularity. Miss Stewart was peculiarly the idol of men, though she had many flappers at her feet, too. But, despite her delicate physique, she has tremendous magnetism and sex lure. Miss Stewart has so much talent, beauty and individuality, however, that it seems impossible to believe that she can be kept away from the screen indefinitely.

Constance Talmadge tried to keep her wedding a secret, but it leaked out. A comedienne is never taken quite so seriously by her public as a dramatic actress. Perhaps the edge was not taken off Miss Talmadge's popularity. I am not sure.

It seems to me that Betty Blythe has not played the big roles she did before she was married, but this may be mere chance.

Helene Chadwick never would admit that she was married. Now, however, her separation from her husband is announced. It seems that Goldwyn has a rule that no marriage relation of one of its stars must be announced.

Carmel Myers kept her marriage a secret for more than a year.

A number of girls have indeed confided to me that they considered that marrying would hurt their chances of growing popularity so greatly that

(*Continued on page 27*)

Flame and Ice

The Sixth Instalment of

"A Darling of the Rich"

Novelized from the

Whitman-Bennett

screen production starring

Betty Blythe

Both *Lawrence* and *Martin* pay homage at *Charmion's* throne.

What has happened so far:

MASON LAWRENCE (*Leslie Austin*), finds himself in danger of being crushed by a business rival, and is forced to agree to marry the daughter of his partner. He rescues a woman from drowning and finds her to be the girl he has long pictured in his dreams. Meanwhile his rival,

PEYTON MARTIN (*Montague Love*), has learned of some plans an old inventor has left to his daughter, and resolves to secure them. He despatches his secretary,

TORRENCE WELSH (*Chas. Gerard*), to the home of the dead inventor with instructions to get the plans. Welsh meets the inventor's beautiful daughter and proposes to her. She is on the point of accepting him when she is rescued by Lawrence, whom she loves immediately. When Welsh attempts to force his attentions upon her,

CHARMION WINSHIP (*Betty Blythe*), the daughter of the inventor, leaves the town and makes her way to the city, where she opens an antique shop. Unable to pay her rent, she is about to give up the struggle, when someone enters the shop who is fated to change the whole course of her life. The stranger is

PRINCESS BLENKEFSKY (*Julia Swayne Gordon*), who persuades Charmion to impersonate her in an attempt to sell some of the Russian crown jewels. Charmion agrees.

FOR A WHILE all went as merry as the proverbial marriage bell. The rich men came and the rich men bought and Charmion queened it over them all, unquestioned and aloof.

In the meantime she sent checks to Aunt Jane and the children, and sent also for the best patent lawyer in the country to ascertain whether her father's invention was or was not all that he had claimed for it. If it were . . . then she could drop her wig and her trappings, could escape from the sated crowd who pressed about her and go back to Sandy Point, much as she had been before. If it were not, the money was rolling in so fast that it wouldn't be long before she had all that she needed, at any rate, and her purpose would be accomplished. Now and then Charmion felt a little bit timid, a little bit afraid of her own imposture, but it was not until Peyton Martin introduced Torrence Welsh into the circle that the fear became a concrete and threatening thing.

The moment Torrence Welsh took her hand, Charmion knew that she was recognized. She knew that she was in danger. Her instinct told her that this sort of man would never forgive her for her refusal of him and that he would retaliate evilly if he could. This despite the suave fact that Welsh tried to reassure her by gesture and implication that he would not give her away.

Somehow Charmion felt about her the tightening of a web of circumstance. Peyton Martin introduced Welsh as "my confidential worker." And Peyton Martin, Charmion knew now, was one of the men who had sought her father's patent. That, then, was the real reason for Torrence Welsh coming to Sandy Point. He had been sent by Peyton Martin and he had remained to double cross Martin, if he could, and secure the patent . . . and the girl . . . for himself. If he would do that Charmion shuddered to think what else he might not do in order to gain his own ends.

The affair might have loomed up as even more terrifying to her if another occurrence on that same evening had not wiped Welsh for the nonce from her mind.

Mason Lawrence came to the soiree.

For weeks Callahan had been endeavoring to get his young friend to come with him. Lawrence, disinterested, had managed to evade the affair, but on this particular evening Lizzie had added her pleas to her father's. "I want to see her," she had begged, "and father says he won't take me unless you come, too."

"I don't imagine it's quite the place for you, Lizzie," Mason had said, and the old man had laughed and snorted, "Nonsense, the Princess is one hundred per cent pure. There's no funny business except that she's coining money from the old suckers that flock around her, but that's just damn good business. Lizzie can go."

Charmion consummated her ability as an actress on that night.

It took all of her self-control to maintain her pose when she came face to face with the man she had dreamed of so deeply and so often.

It took still more of her self-control when Callahan told her proudly that his little girl and young Mason Lawrence were engaged to be married. She had to smile and nod when the Irishman asked her if she did not think they made a "nifty couple." She had to see and yet appear not to see Lizzie hanging, hight-eyed, on his arm. She had found him only to lose him forever! Her dream lay at her feet and it bled to death before the eyes of all of them! The unseeing, uncomprehending eyes of them all!

CHARMION'S mouth was hard and her eyes were bitter when, finally, Mason Lawrence was presented to her. Her face was remote and strange when he looked, startled, into her face, half-recognizing her. She drew a veil across her eyes, a veil of utter unconcern. He must not know! *He must not know!* The only protection she had was to pretend complete strangeness. Once there came between them so much as the ghost of that hot memory she, for one, would be at his mercy. She would be at the mercy of her own pain.

Her instinct was to beg to be excused, to call off the bidding which was the pivotal point of all of the "afternoons," but her pride forbade. She had embarked upon this career and she would see it through. There could be no compromise. A broken heart means nothing in a business world.

When Charmion offered her curios for sale that afternoon Peyton Martin and Lawrence were the highest bidders.

It was Lizzie who had insisted upon Lawrence bidding.

"I don't like this business," he had said, "I don't want to bid, or have anything to do with it. The woman is brazen and the whole proceeding disgusts me."

Lizzie pouted. She was enjoying the bizarre scene enormously.

"Daddy," she sulked, "isn't he silly! He says he won't bid and won't have anything to do with the whole thing and that old Peyton Martin will get away with everything and Mason will be a piker!"

"Go on, boy," urged Callahan, "jump into the arena . . . listen to what she's saying now . . ."

"Fourteen thousand dollars has been bid," Charmion was saying, in her cultivated, foreign, slurred voice. "I will not accept more than fifteen thousand. Who will bid fifteen thousand?"

Simultaneously, Peyton Martin and Mason Lawrence cried together:

"Fifteen thousand!"

Charmion faced the two men, standing with the room between them and the common bid on their lips.

Her eyes glinted curiously. One the man she loved. The other the man who loved her . . . according to his lights. Murky lights, Charmion thought, bitterly.

Her beautiful, full mouth curved. "You will toss a coin, my de-ar friends," she said, "and whoever wins shall have the jewels, and . . . this, as you will know, I never offered to anyone before . . . one little kiss . . . from me!"

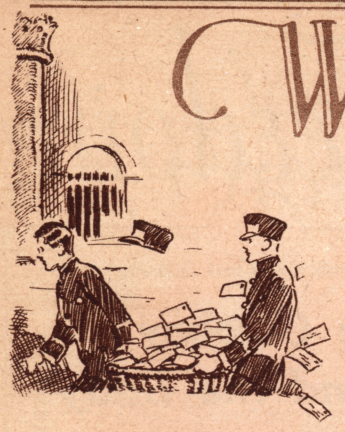
Peyton Martin crossed the room and met Lawrence. Their hostile glances clashed. It was significant, the one to the other, how much each wanted the jewels (and the kiss), or they would never have played together even in a game.

The coin was flipped. Charmion, weary, turned away. She didn't want to know the outcome.

And then she heard a voice over her shoulder. "I have come for my reward," it said. The tone

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan



HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

There have been so many love scenes I liked because they seemed real, but what love scene is more beautiful than a "mother" loving her children and then to see how the children return their love to her (mother) again? For instance, the scene in "Dr. Jack" when the son returns home to "mother," sick as she is, that love makes her strong again. It did my heart good to see that little old lady and her great big boy.

How many dear "mothers" would be here with us today if only we could have known when away, that coming back to her with a love she waited for, would have been the greatest medicine which could have been prescribed for her?

G. S.

In Answer to a Criticism of "Knighthood"

In the February 3rd issue, on your page, "Where Fan Meets Fan," we find a letter criticising the "historical inaccuracies" of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The criticism was as weak as a child's might be.

Why cut up and vivisect a fine portrayal of so exquisite a love story over such trivialities as the discrepancies in the king's ages? They were not the principals, anyway.

I suppose soon these critics will complain that in "Robin Hood" the sheriff of Nottingham is played about "ten years older than he was in merry Robin's time."

Bunk!

If people don't cultivate some sense of values our screen stars won't waste time preparing these really big shows; and the public will have to be content with the chaff that we see at the "west side dime shows."

K. B. G.

Why Imitate Another's Personality?

If a man can't make good with his own personality, why try to take someone else's? I just saw "My American Wife," and, as I remember Antonio Moreno in pictures before this, he was a sort of Wallace Reid type. But now! He bows and kisses the lady's hand when he meets her. He has a faraway, hurt look in his eyes when she flirts with someone else. His walk has changed from a carefree swing to what seems to me like an imitation of Rodolph's fascinating, rather slow gait. Rodolph does it wonderfully, but I know everyone, like myself, detests imitators. The same with that Charles De Roche.

The fans like each actor or actress for a different reason. Could Mary Pickford be a vamp or Pola Negri a country girl with curls? No more can Antonio Moreno be Rodolph or Charles Ray be Jack Holt.

Can the fans be expected, at a word, to forget Wally and Rodolph and start worshipping Antonio and De Roche? We are not dumb. We have some brains. We can tell Moreno has changed. Are we expected to forget his other pictures and accept him as a new person?

B. B.

Screen Love That Turned to Real Love

I have seen many love scenes in pictures, many that made me cry, but I must confess that the one that struck me as the best and most real was the love scene in "The Beautiful and Damned," with Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. That was a wonderful play and in it they had to do a strong love scene, and they got engaged in real life after they finished making the picture. They played that part so well together, they really decided to get married. That shows that love scenes in pictures can really come true and I know many cases like that one that happened in the movies. J. J. P.

Betty Compson's trying to make herself look *taller.*

"The Four Horsemen" Depicts His Life Story

In "The Four Horsemen," I saw my life story on the screen. Every detail was there just as if I had written the story myself. Leaving out the first part in the Argentine and beginning with the studio in Paris, the life of "Julio Desnoyers" and my own travel the very same road—save that he "went West" at the finis, there is no difference.

I was an art student in Paris at the outbreak of the war and eventually saw service with the French armies. I met a girl and loved her—my love was returned. Our "love nest" was my studio. Then her husband came. He even went to war. Then I awoke and thank God was man enough to send the wife back to the blind husband who needed her—and I "went West" to America.

ROY LEGAULT.

The Love Scene in "The Sheik" Her Favorite

I suppose some people would think I was crazy to rave over Rodolph Valentino, but I just can't help it. Who could go to a movie and see him act in a love scene and say, "Oh! anyone can do that!" What foolish statements; you know the ones that say such things are the men.

It may be that they're jealous, though you can't blame them in a way. But still they can give a man credit when he deserves it. I saw all his pictures, but the love scene I liked the most was the one in the end of the picture called "The Sheik."

Such a beautiful night on the desert, the moon shone on a handsome young man and a beautiful girl. What could be more thrilling than to see these two lovers happy after all the difficulties they had had to get each other? He kisses her; the picture ends.

GLADYS N.

Her Life Problem Solved

Two months ago I faced the problem of choosing my life-mate. Should it be Frank, blond, easy-going, who loved social life; or Paul, dark, reserved, who snapped his fingers at society?

One night to cheer myself I went drearily to the movies. But did I go drearily out? Ah! I saw Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," facing my situation. With the help of a professor, Tommy visioned ahead and chose, not the society belle, but the other.

Clearly, with the aid of this wonderful picture (wonderful to me), I saw my way out. I pictured my life with both Frank and Paul, and the answer was—Paul.

Should I not feel grateful to Tommy and pictures when I think of my present happiness?

With best wishes for "Movie Weekly."

FRANKIE FAIRE.

Seeing Screen Stars in Person

At a studio revue not long ago, I saw so many stars that my brain was in a whirl, but of all of them, I was most impressed by Harold Lloyd. I was standing in a corner when Mr. Lloyd passed. My friend said, "Well, if there isn't the old boy himself!" Harold turned around and smiled at us.

I saw Rodolph Valentino out walking one evening with his two German police dogs, and got the usual thrill, plus. Also saw Dorothy Dalton and Kenneth Harlan. Dorothy didn't have a speck of powder or paint on—she is very good-looking. Kenneth Harlan is dandy looking; much better off screen than on. Last Sunday I saw Antonio Moreno in his big red touring car, and I think he has them all beat for looks—even Valentino.

Don't you other fans think I have been lucky to see all of these screen stars? I do.

Jessica Gains Her Freedom

Jessica forces *Molly* to confess that *Ross* killed *Weston.*

The Ninth and Final Instalment of

"The Cowboy and the Lady"

From the Paramount screen version of the novel by

Clyde Fitch

Novelized by

Margaret MacIvor-Tyndall

What has happened so far:

JESSICA WESTON (Mary Miles Minter), forces her husband to accompany her on a trip to her ranch in Wyoming with the intention of making a man of him. She meets and falls in love with a neghboring ranch owner,

TEDDY NORTH (Tom Moore), a tenderfoot and dude, who reciprocates her love, but is in despair at finding her married. They plan a picnic to which all the neighboring ranch hands are invited. Jessica and Ted fall behind the others and Jessica, in a spirit of mischief, dares North to follow her up the dangerous upper trail. Teddy, unable to restrain her, is terrified to see her disappear over the edge of the precipice. He rescues her, and together they are about to make their way toward Jessica's ranch, when she slips on a mossy rock and sprains her ankle.

FRED WESTON (Robert Schable), who has pleaded a headache as his excuse for not going with the party, has planned to carry his orgies even into Jessica's ranch house. As soon as the party is out of sight, he has planned to go to town to see

MOLLY QUINN (Viora Daniel) the pretty proprietress of the town bar, with whom Weston has carried on a flirtation, begun on his first day in town. Molly agrees to come to the ranch house with Weston and is presented with one of Jessica's lockets by the degenerate husband. She wears the locket to a dance where it is recognized by Jessica.

WESTON, going in search of Molly, found her in the dressing room alone. He must get the locket away from her by some means, he decided!

Molly was admiring her own reflection in the mirror. The scintillating lights of the diamond-studded locket fascinated her. She turned as Weston entered and came toward him, smiling a welcome. He put his arms around her and held her to him in a rapturous embrace, which Molly did not repulse. Deftly his hands unclasped the chain from her neck and, undetected, slid it into the pocket of his tuxedo.

Molly was in a particularly responsive mood. Her arms slid about his neck and she put up her pouting red lips to be kissed. As she did so, she gave a smothered cry of fear.

Ross stood in the doorway, looking at them out of fierce, blood-shot eyes. There was a wolfish snarl on his coarse lips. He had been drinking heavily. With an oath he came staggering toward them.

"You get out of here and you keep out, damn you!" he growled, making a lunge at Weston. He put a huge hand on the table to steady himself, and his fingers came in contact with Jessica's pistol, lying where she had put it, beside her wrap. He clutched the weapon with maniacal glee.

Weston, thinking Ross unarmed, raised a supercilious eyebrow. "The lady has the right to choose her company, and——" he scanned Ross's hulking form scornfully, "you couldn't expect her to choose a lout like you," he remarked with a sneering laugh.

A bullet from the pistol in Ross's hand ploughed its way into Weston's heart and the laugh died on his lips in a heavy groan. He dropped to the floor in a huddled heap.

Outside in the dance hall, the music ceased suddenly. There was the sound of hurried feet in the direction of the dressing room. Molly recovered her presence of mind. She snatched the smoking pistol from Ross's hand and laid it beside the body.

"Quick!" she whispered, opening a slide door at the end of the room, leading onto the side porch. She pushed Ross through the opening and followed, closing the door after them. They stood for a moment, silently waiting, and then ostentatiously ran into the dance hall.

Meanwhile, at the sound of the shot, Jessica hurried to the dressing room. A nameless fear gripped her heart. Teddy! Suppose—— She dare not think! She pushed open the door. Fred Weston lay on the floor in a pool of blood. She stooped over his prostrate body, and her hand touched the pistol. Mechanically she picked it up, turning it over in her hand. It was her pistol. North had just given it to her. He had seen her put it—— It must be—— A deadly faintness seized her. She staggered and would have fallen, had not North, attracted by the shot, rushed into the room in time to catch her fainting form in his arms.

She recovered herself as the crowd from the dance hall rushed into the room. Ross and Molly were the first to enter. Ross had regained a measure of sobriety.

"What's the matter?" demanded Ross loudly, and Molly looked significantly at the pistol held in Jessica's limp fingers.

The fact seemed obvious enough. Jessica, with her pistol in her hand and Weston lying at her feet—— They two were alone in the room—unless—unless—North, too, might have been there.

Sheriff Hines elbowed his way through the staring throng and faced Jessica. He had known Jessica ever since she was a little girl. He knew Weston was a cad and a fortune hunter, and his sympathies were with Jessica in any event. Still, he must do his duty and—the situation seemed self-evident.

"I'm mighty sorry, Miss Jessica—I mean Mrs. Weston——" he began, placing one hand on Jessica's shoulder, "but can you explain this situation? If not, I'll have too——"

There was no need to finish the sentence. Jessica understood. She shook her head silently. She could not speak. He must think what he would. She could not denounce North. Guilty though she believed him to be, she loved him and she could not denounce him. She bared her wrists for the handcuffs that dangled from the sheriff's reluctant hand and bowed her head in silent consent.

But North stepped between them. "I'm your man, Sheriff," he declared.

Ross and Molly exchanged glances in which astonishment mingled with relief.

A low murmur went up from the crowd and Ross began to talk openly about "lynching" and "not letting the murderer escape."

North's aristocratic aloofness, his immaculateness in dress and his "outlandish ideas about ranching," had given the ranchers a wrong impression of the "Double V." He had few friends among them, because they did not know him.

SHERIFF HINES, hearing the mutterings about lynching, hurriedly clamped the "bracelets" on his prisoner, and hurried him through the side door. Since he had confessed, there was nothing further to be done.

"To the jail, and drive fast!" he commanded.

The body of Fred Weston was taken in charge by the coroner and the party broke up in ominous silence.

Midge accompanied Jessica back to the ranch, driving the flivver and doing what she could to sustain Jessica's depressed spirits. "He'll come out all right, you'll see," encouraged Midge. "When the jury hears how Mr. Weston talked to you and how the boss was defendin' of ya' they'll acquit him," Midge argued wisely. With charming naivette, Midge assumed that Jessica's grief was for the plight of Teddy North and not for the tragic death of her dissolute husband.

But Jessica shook her head, sorrowfully. "It is all my fault. It is all my fault, Midge. I should never have let him know. Now he is in this terrible trouble, all because of defending me," she sobbed.

The preliminary hearing was on in the improvised court, and every person in the county who could be there was on hand to hear the details of how and why "the dude rancher, North," had killed Fred Weston, the "city husband" of Jessica Welch.

Weston was not a favorite in the township, but neither was North. However, if it could be proven

(*Continued on page* 30)

Screen Stars in Flounce and Puff

When Springtime comes, love isn't the only thing our thoughts begin to turn to. We also begin to think of clothes. There is still time for a few more parties before the end of the season.

Pictured on this page is an evening gown worn by Nita Naldi, who is famous partly for her clothes. It is of silver net over a cloth of silver slip and trimmed with bands and flowers of chinchilla fur. Very low on each hip in front is a fur flower with five flat petals and a beaded tassle hanging from its center. The low waist has a beaded girdle, attached to another of the fur flowers in the front.

The Deauville kerchief continues in popularity and many of the spring gowns are featuring this type of collar. The collar is sometimes round and rolling, with the ends tied together to the front of one shoulder; or the collar may be very narrow over one shoulder and extend to a rather deep point where it is tied on the other.

The bandanna is still in vogue for use on frocks which do not have an attached color that ties. These bandannas may be had in all sorts of the gayest colors, and in prices ranging from around a dollar for the cotton ones up to staggering prices for some of the gay silk ones.

Earrings have not been worn in Paris for some months, and already they are beginning to be less popular in New York. The women who set the pace in fashions have abandoned their earrings, and probably by late spring or midsummer, the fad will have been forgotten.

In "Dark Secrets," Dorothy Dalton wears some particularly stunning evening gowns. One of them is of sequins and beads in a checkered design, diamond shaped areas of sequins alternating with similar shaped ones of beads. The skirt is drawn very tightly and draped high on one side, where it is caught with a flower. The bodice is V-shaped front and back, with pleated folds of chiffon filling the V in slightly. There are no sleeves.

Another of Miss Dalton's gowns in the same picture is of white net, fringed at the bottom with crystal, and with bandings of crystal halfway up the skirt. The bodice is entirely of crystal beads with a round neckline and no sleeves.

In "Poor Men's Wives," Betty Francisco wears a most unusual evening wrap made entirely of uncurled ostriche feathers. The feathers are about seven inches long, and the cape is made with nine rows of them, one below another. The feathers of the collar are curled outward to give the popular rolling effect.

The gown worn under this wrap by Miss Francisco is of black and white jet, the skirt below the hips is black, with the white jet forming a tight bodice and descending over the hips in semi-spiral shape.

Green has become definitely established as the popular color for spring, for both daytime and evening wear. And the vogue for printed silks continues on into the new season. The Persian influence is giving way, however, to the Egyptian one, in honor of the far-from-late King Tutankhamen. The recent fashion show even featured a "mummy dress," which, as you can imagine, is draped rather tightly about the figure.

Paris is featuring a dress which fastens all the way down the left side from shoulder to hem, with braid to finish off the opening. At the right side, below the hip, is a patch pocket.

Before Your Mirror with Gloria Swanson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gloria Swanson has kindly consented to co-operate with the editors of "Movie Weekly" in conducting a beauty department, but the editors request that our readers do not ask Miss Swanson for personal advice in their beauty problems. Not only is giving such advice a greater undertaking than Miss Swanson has time for, but there is the added factor that individual complexion problems can only be diagnosed by a skin specialist.*

Cleanliness

In any discussion of the care of the skin, the first thing to think of is cleanliness, because that is more important than anything else. It is impossible to have clear, glowing skin if dust and dirt have been allowed to clog up the pores.

Never go to bed at night without washing your face thoroughly to rid it of its accumulation of dirt. How could one's skin keep clear and fresh if fine dust particles clung to it for the eight hours when one is asleep? Sometimes, when you come home from a party late at night, very tired, there is a temptation to slip into bed as quickly as possible without bothering to freshen up. But remember that keeping beautiful requires constant care.

As to whether you should use hot or cold water on your face—that is a question on which skin experts cannot agree. Some say that extremely hot water should be used, to steam the face; other experts advise that the water should be just warm enough to cleanse the skin thoroughly, while still others prefer cold water because it closes the pores of the skin against any foreign substances.

For myself, I prefer cold water in the morning for its fresh, invigorating effect, and warm water at other times of the day when the face needs washing. But any beauty hints that anyone can give you have to be adapted for your own use, because everyone's skin is different and requires different treatment.

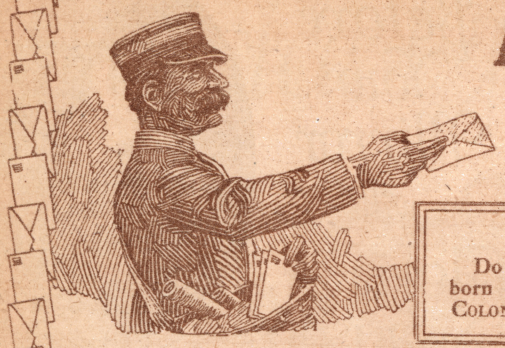
For some complexions, soap and water make the most beneficial cleansing agent, but many people prefer a substitute for soap, because soap is often too astringent for a skin that has a tendency to be dry. And speaking of soap, that is something else that you must think of in the care of your skin. Granting that yours is the sort of skin which soap should be used on, you will need to observe which kind best suits your individual needs. Your skin may require a soap with oil in it, or again, your complexion needs may call for a clear, pure, "baby" soap.

But above all things, don't buy a soap for its color or scent without knowing anything about it. If you like highly perfumed soaps and find a kind that suits your needs, all right, but don't select a soap which has no other quality to recommend it except its scent or color.

But, in any event, the kind of soap which is best for your skin can only be decided upon by observation. And if the soap you are using at present agrees with your skin, it is a good idea to continue using it, rather than experiment with others.

But, as I said before, there are some skins with which soap does not agree very well. Such skins require aseptic lotions or cold cream. No one can tell you what is best for your own complexion but a skin expert or your own observation. It is for you to determine by careful care of your skin just what sort of treatment is best for it.

Gloria Swanson



Fan Has Crush On Leatriae Joy

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

IRENE—You bet I'm kind-hearted. Sometimes I wonder my heart doesn't break, it's so full of kindness. Henry Walthall doesn't give his age, but he admits that he is five feet six inches tall. Mary Charleson is Mrs. Henry. Pola Negri is about five feet three and Betty Blythe five feet seven. Winifred Hudnut is about the same. No, Gloria Swanson's little girl has never played in pictures. Bebe Daniels' favorite sport is riding horseback. Marie Prevost is twenty-five and is five feet four inches tall. Theodore Kosloff is about forty. So that's all you want to know this time? You might write me again when you're in a really curious mood.

SIS—If I answer your questions, you'll remember me next Christmas, you say. That should be easy. Just take a look at Santa Claus and think of me. We look so much alike, whiskers and everything. No, Marion Davies is not married. She is about twenty-four and has golden hair, which she recently bobbed. It was her own hair in "Knighthood." Her address is International Studio, 2nd Ave. and 127th St., New York.

A FUTURE ACTRESS—Yes, thank you, my holiday dinners left me well, but they also left me broke. No, the Talmadge's are not Jewish. As to whether Fatty Arbuckle will return to the screen, don't ask a movie answer man, ask one of these prophets who are always predicting that the world will come to an end or something. Yes, Pearl White's blonde hair "just growed" that way, but not on Pearl. She wears a wig in pictures.

BRIGHT EYED DAISY—No, indeed, I'm not Ramon Novarro; if I were, I wouldn't have the lowly job of answering questions. As to why Rodolph doesn't go to Washington so you can get a glimpse of him there, I suppose he feels that the glimpses of him are just as good in Philadelphia or New York. Yes, of course, I know you're in love with him, at least I take it for granted. The really original thing is not to be in love with him. If you could compete with several hundred thousand other girls, you might have a chance with him if he weren't married. His address is care Arthur Butler Graham, 25 W. 43rd St., New York.

WARBRIDE—Which war, the late one or the Civil War? Alice Brady is twenty-nine. Charles De Roche's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

WINNIE WINKLE — Good evening, yourself—only it isn't evening. Pauline Garon is eighteen. No, Nita Naldi is not married, but it's not because she hasn't had plenty of chances.

RODOLF VASELINO MACRONEE—So you think if you saw Leatrice Joy on the street that you'd run up and hug her to death. Well, then, since she doesn't even know you, you could scarcely blame her if she called a policeman. You didn't tell me what it was you wanted to know about Leatrice Joy. I can't guarantee that you'll see her in California, because she lives in New York nowadays. No, movie stars are not too stuck up to "mix with the public," but naturally they have their own friends, just as you have. You don't take entire strangers home to tea, do you?—at least I hope you don't! Visitors are not allowed in a studio because studios are so cluttered up with lights and props that one has to step very carefully for fear of disarranging the sets. Yes, Margaret Leahy is the girl the Talmadges brought home from England.

BOOTS—We have a man named Boots in my neighborhood; he's in business with a man named Shoes. Rodolph Valentino has been married twice, the first time to Jean Acker and then to Winifred Hudnut. Don't tell me you didn't know that, and you read four movie magazines! Mahlon Hamilton is about thirty-five and is married to a non-professional. Yes, Edith Johnson is Mrs. William Duncan. Wesley Barry lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Ramon Novarro would send you his picture if you write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood:

ARTIE—I know a lot of arty people. They live in Greenwich Village and try to paint. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs in 1902. She lives at 6609 St. Frances Court, Los Angeles. Her hobby is dancing.

KAY—So you think I don't dare put in print what I think of you for asking for so many addresses. Well, it's a good thing you didn't ask me for one more or I might have been strongly tempted. Conway Tearle was the leading man in "One Week of Love"; you can write him at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. You could address your letter to Madame Nazimova, Room 801, Longacre Building, New York; Richard Dix, Albert Roscoe and Thomas Meighan at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

BEATRICE BUDS—You think I'm so handsome that I should go on the stage. Well, the question is, have you any influence with the theatrical managers? Yes, Wesley Barry will make "David Copperfield" after he has finished "Little Johnny Jones" and "George Washington, Jr." Milton Sills is fond of reading and athletics. Lew Cody and Gladys Hulette have the leading roles in "Secrets of Paris." As to where you could obtain Tom Mix's picture, I've a wonderful inspiration. Why not write to Tom Mix himself and ask for one? He lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

R. S. V. P.—That means "Refreshments served very promptly." Is that the rule at your house? Constance Binney has her mail sent in care of P. Michaels, 957 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. Her picture was in the centre of "Movie Weekly" for September 10, 1922. "Movie Weekly's" subscription price is $5.00 a year. Eleanor Boardman's address is Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Pola Negri's picture was on the cover of "Movie Weekly" for December 30, 1922.

SIMEON DOHERTY — Certainly I'll tell you whether Thomas Meighan is married or not. He is. You didn't ask me to whom, but I'll tell you, anyway, that his wife's name is Frances Ring. He is six feet tall.

TEARFUL CHILD—You might be able to get Wallace Reid's picture from Mrs. Reid, at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles.

EVELYN—You don't blame me for thinking you're an inquisitive movie fan? Well, if no one thinks anything worse about me than that, I shall live happily ever after, as the story books say. Pearl White is five feet six inches tall. She is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Alice Terry is an inch shorter than that, and Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven.

IMA GROUCH—Oh, no, you're not; you wished me success for the coming year, and grouches don't wish people success. Ethel Clayton is the star in the picture, "The Remittance Woman." We published lots of pictures of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," when the picture first came out; you see, the picture is not so new now.

B. C. GADE—I see you want "Moore" information—yes, I know that's a terrible pun. Owen Moore was once married to Mary Pickford; his present wife is Kathryn Perry. Tom Moore was divorced from Alice Joyce, and I believe they had several children. He is now married to Rene Adoree.

PIXY—"The Sheik" Rodolph's first picture? I should say not. Hasn't "The Four Horsemen" been to your town yet, or "Camille," or any of the other of the score of pictures Rodolph played in? "The Sheik" was the picture that made him famous, after he had gotten a good start in "The Four Horsemen." Rodolph cannot play in any more pictures for several years, until his contract with Lasky has expired. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker.

MAUDE COOPER—Yes, Lewis Stone was the hero in "The Prisoner of Zenda"; yes, he has gray hair. Gloria Swanson is American, though I believe she is of Swedish descent.

GULLAN—I can always tell when a contest starts in some newspaper. All the fans write to ask me the same questions. What do you mean, what color has Lionel Barrymore on his hair and eyes? Do you think he puts color on his hair? He has brown eyes and hair.

PHIL A DELPHIA—So you asked me about Rodolph because you wanted to get me in a rage? You don't know what you might be starting; for all you know I may be a regular man eater when I get in a rage. Conrad Nagel is twenty-six, is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five. He has been in the movies for about five years; he is married to Ruth Helms and they have a daughter Ruth. Send him a quarter for his photo to his home at 8146 Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles.

A VALENTINE—How do you know I'm an honorable Colonel, as you call me? Maybe I'm very dishonorable, maybe I pull my grandfather's whiskers and do all kinds of terrible things. Bessie Love is in her early twenties and Alice Brady is twenty-nine. Of course Lon Chaney's legs are real.

COWBELLS—I should hate to be a cowbell; think how early I'd have to start working in the morning. Yes, Ramon Novarro plays in pictures constantly. He has just finished "The Passion Vine," and then he is going to play in "Scaramouche." Rudolph Cameron played opposite Anita Stewart, his wife, in "Rose of the Sea," but he doesn't play in pictures as a rule. He directs.

MRS. G. A. P.—Congratulations on your short letter. I suppose you know what Shakespeare said about brevity. Tom Moore hasn't been playing in pictures much lately; his latest appearance was about six months ago opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Cowboy and the Lady." He is married to Rene Adoree; no, they have no children. Mary Pickford has never had any children.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Everything But the Rice

You can't get married without having someone kid you about it, can you? Walter Hiers and his new little blushing bride went to the Ziegfeld Follies one evening while in New York on their honeymoon, with the secret hope that no one would recognize them. But they reckoned without Will Rogers, who does a monologue in the revue.

Will hadn't worked on the Lasky lot with Walter Hiers for weeks without getting to know him pretty well, so when he saw the young bridal couple in the audience, he immediately recognized Walter. And Will is not the man to let anything like that pass unnoticed. Amidst roars of applause, he called on the newlyweds to stand up and be introduced to the audience. And a bit of Will's usual rare wit caused the bride to be even a little more blushing than brides traditionally are—not to mention the happy bridegroom.

But It Was a Good-Looking Hat

Well, it seems that Leatrice Joy isn't unique in her taste in millinery. Other people like her hats as well as she does. She was in a shop in New York recently trying on gowns for her new picture, "You Can't Fool Your Wife," and when she went to leave she could not find her hat. Then she discovered that it had been sold!

A frantic search on the part of the clerks finally brought the hat to light in the shipping room just as it was ready to be sent out.

Alice Brady As an Esquimo

Guess what they're calling Alice Brady! Her new nickname is Nanook, ever since she came home from the wilds three hundred miles north of Montreal, where she was on location for "The Snow Bride." Certainly she came from the north!

Incidentally, her diet there was moose meat and partridge. The mercury was thirty below zero.

The Naughty Arbuckle

Well, Fatty Arbuckle has at last had to give up his ideas of acting again in pictures. But anyway, he isn't through with movies completely. He has just signed a contract with Reel Comedies to direct.

"I want to make people laugh and make them happy," said Fatty, "and I can do it by directing comedies. This is my chance to make good in the right way, and in the profession I know and love."

A man who returned from France recently says Fatty Arbuckle is all the rage over there. Signs over the doors of picture theatres advertise: "See the naughty Arbuckle."

Mary Pickford Changes Her Mind

Well, Mary Pickford seems to be having a hard time deciding what she is going to play next. First, she was going to make "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and then she decided to make "Faust," and now she says, no, she won't make "Faust," but will play "Dorothy Vernon" next. It's really quite bewildering trying to keep up with her changes of plan.

It was the thought of those censors that finally decided Mary against "Faust." For it seems that Ernst Lubitsch, whom she imported from Germany to direct the picture, was all for making the production more tobasco than Mary had anticipated—he, of course, isn't used to censors.

But Lubitsch is still on the job and will direct her next picture, whatever it is.

As for Doug, after being such a successful robber in "Robinhood," he will probably be a pirate next, and after that, he is considering Scott's "The Talisman" for picture material.

This is *Edith Roberts*—"ain't" she graceful?

Back Home and Rich

Harry Pollard is going to take a little trip as soon as he finishes his current picture—at least, some people might consider it a little trip, to Melbourne, Australia. Melbourne is Harry Pollard's native city, where he has not been for fourteen years, so now he is taking his new wife back home on a visit to his father.

Phyllis Haver Back With Mack Sennett

Phyllis Haver has gone back to the Sennett lot. After playing the important role of Polly in "The Christian" for Goldwyn, Phyllis is to be starred by Mack Sennett, with Dick Jones as her director. It was he who directed Mabel Normand's two recent big features. Miss Haver's first picture will be called "The Extra Girl."

William Russell Buys a Ranch

William Russell has bought a ranch for his sister, Mrs. Emma Schaffer, and her two children. It's within commuting distance of Hollywood, so William has all the comforts of home and drives back and forth to the Fox studio. Therefore he is visiting his relatives.

The Longest Kiss on Record

Well, girls, if you want to see a real screen kiss, you'll find it in Norma Talmadge's new picture, "The Voice From the Minaret." And if Eugene O'Brien thrills you, what more could you ask? For Eugene kisses Norma for the length of seven feet of film, the longest screen kiss on record. Of course, maybe the censors will take a squint at that seven feet and cut out six of them before you get to see the picture.

A Marital Threesome

Talk about your mixed marriages, there's a regular marital threesome among film folks in Hollywood now.

There's Albert Roscoe, who was recently divorced from Belle Roscoe, and then eloped with Barbara Bedford.

As for the former Mrs. Roscoe, she is reported engaged to Francis MacDonald as soon as he gets his decree from Mae Busch. And Mae Busch is waiting for the same decree to marry Al Wilkie, Lasky press agent. Rather a mix-up, isn't it?

A Darling of the Rich

(*Continued from page 22*)

was faint, with a deep disdain. He despised her. He thought she was cheap, sensational, a fraud . . . She smiled within herself. He didn't know how deep a fraud . . . but then so was he! So was he, or he wouldn't have kissed her as he had kissed her there on the sand dunes, plundering her heart, while all the while he was engaged to this pretty Irish girl.

She turned ever so slightly and bent over to him. She laid her priceless lips on his. *They were as cold as ice.*

THE following morning Mason Lawrence spent in a welter of sensations and two clearly defined desires.

The welter of sensations had to do with the fact that he found Peyton Martin had made him pay dearly for the priceless kiss. The market was in chaos. And also because a detective came to see him to inform him that the curios he had bought the night before were stolen goods and, confidentially, that he would arrest the girl immediately were it not for the fact that she was protected by Peyton Martin's friendship.

Mason Lawrence showed the detective out, after assuring him that he would have no trouble in getting the curios if they could be proven to be stolen goods.

His first definite desire was to go to the studio of the Princess and talk with her. He wanted to ask her whether she knew the danger she was in if these curios were not authentic and her own. But more than that he wanted to ask her about Peyton Martin . . . whether it was true . . . what the detective had said . . . That, really, was what he wanted to know, what he *must* know. Certainly, at the bidding the day before, Martin had been fanatic in his desire for that one kiss. Lawrence knew his enemy well enough to know that the curios meant nothing to him. He had all the curios and valuables that even his vast mansions would contain. And yet, if this girl were his mistress, why need he bid so extravagantly for one slight kiss? And, on the other hand, if she were not, why need he care so also extravagantly for a slight kiss given, in public, to someone else?

She might well be his mistress . . . capricious . . . cold . . .

He had to know. *He had to know.*

That was his first definite desire. His second one was to break his engagement with Lizzie. He knew so well that he didn't love her. He never had loved her, but somehow that wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been for the girl on the sand dunes. If it hadn't been for her, he would never really have known. And it wouldn't have mattered to Lizzie, for she had the eternal heart of a child. She figured love in terms of lollypops.

Somehow he must placate old Callahan and beg a release from his promise. Forever and forever this girl he had kissed was going to recur to him, as she had so disturbingly recurred yesterday in the imperial person of Princess Blenkefsky.

HE HAD no difficulty in gaining access to the Princess when he called before noon.

He found her gracious, aloof, charming. She thanked him for his purchase of the day before and he thanked her for the added gratuity of the kiss. Between them there was the strained artifice of a bad play in an absurd theatre. Charmion had an insane impulse to tear off her wig, divest herself of her Russian garments and cry out, "Behold, my Love, do you not recognize me!"—and then she thought of Lizzie and refrained, drew back again into her glittering shell, turned distant . . . and cold . . .

And Lawrence, watching her, knew an agony in his flesh and spirit. His impulse was to cry out, too. To say, "See, I am a man and you bewilder me with a dream! *Who* are you? *What* are you? Unfold your life to me and let me be at rest!" But the words, "She is under Peyton Martin's protection," chilled him like hoar, and he was silenced, too.

"You look so like someone I once knew," he said, finally, casually. "I know this to be an impertinence, but the resemblance is so strong . . . are you really a Russian princess?"

"What is it to him . . . he is engaged to another girl . . . what is it to him . . . he is engaged to another girl?" That was the refrain that Charmion innerly sang.

"But of *course!*" she protested, with some hauteur. "Would you wish that I should show you my—ah—papers?"

"Certainly not, Princess. You must pardon me. I know I am over-stepping bounds, but it is a vital thing to me."

There was nothing more that he could say to her. If she were indeed the Princess Blenkefsky, he had nothing he wanted to say to her, and for Charmion the interview was too poignant to be endurable. She was glad when he took his hat and stick and bade her good-bye. She thought, "He will never come again. This is the end."

Torrence Welsh was admitted as Lawrence left the house. And the moment he entered, Charmion knew that some sort of an hour of reckoning was at hand.

"What did that Lawrence want here?" he began, without preamble or excuse.

Charmion stared at him. "I think you forget yourself," she said.

Torrence Welsh laughed, unpleasantly. "Oh, no, my young imposter," he said, "I don't—but *you* do. You forget quite perfectly these days who *you* are. You forget that I know who you are. You forget magnificently that I could spoil your little game by a word, if I wanted to. Charmion Winship is quite as important these days as the Princess Blenkefsky, although not, perhaps, for the same reasons. No, I've come to talk business today, my beautiful actress. I want you to marry me . . . now wait a minute, wait a minute! I know that you once refused me. I know that you don't love me. But there comes a time, my dear, when there are other matters to consider. The fact is, Princess, these jewels you have been getting away with are *stolen goods!* You, as a matter of fact, are nothing more nor less than an imposter in the first place, and one of a gang of the cleverest thieves on the Continent in the second place. The thing can be quieted and hushed up if you are sensible. You can, to all outward purposes, return to Russia. You can, in reality, marry me. Charmion Winship will reappear—as my wife. The Princess will disappear and there will be, naturally, no trace of her. That's that. The other side is—*if you refuse*——"

Welsh leaned over and his breath, heavy with whiskey, smote her face.

"You marry me or your game is up!" he said.

Charmion rose to her feet. She seemed taller than her won't. Blood natively royal burned in her veins. What more could this man do to her than what he was doing now? She was an imposter, but the coin of the realm spent itself freely for imposture. If she were one of a gang of thieves, then of that she was innocent, and besides, she had come to believe in the real Princess Blenkefsky.

"I refuse!" she said.

IN THE offices of Lawrence and Callahan, Mason Lawrence was facing his partner.

"Mike," he said, "you'll have to release me from my promise to marry Lizzie. I—I can't do it."

Michael Callahan's face purpled. He shook his fist in wrath.

Lawrence went on speaking: "I wish you could see this as I do," he said, "and as Lizzie does. I've talked it over with Lizzie and she understands. She says quite frankly that she would rather marry a man who cares more for dogs than I do. Lizzie's feelings aren't injured in the least degree, Mike, and neither is her pride. If you could see it, too, it would be a great relief all 'round."

But Michael Callahan couldn't "see" it. He saw only that this man was "jilting" his little girl. He had fixed it up in his mind that this was an ideal match, a love match, perforce, and he would have it no other way.

"By God!" he stormed, "if you jilt my girl, I'll sell out to Martin and you can get on the best way you damn well can!"

"Then that is settled," said Mason Lawrence.

(*Continued next week*)

What I know of Husbands

(*Continued from page 13*)

mistresses. The right sort of man will help his wife to be a pal, too. He will show her the world as much as he can. He will make her his companion in work and play. That's why I spoke about Charles Ray. He and his wife are pals."

That's the sort of husband she is convinced Kenneth Harlan will be, I was thinking.

I think he will be, too.

"Suppose he is a professor of higher mathematics or a lawyer or doctor——"

"The principle is just the same. Working with him doesn't mean she helps him solve his mathematical or law or medical problems. It means she understands his difficulties and his nerve-wrack, his tastes, his likes and dislikes, and tries to make him happy at home."

"Home!" I said. "But I thought you thought a woman should go out and enjoy life."

"I was coming to that. She shouldn't overburden him with social obligations or theatre events. But she should see that he gets relaxation, and she should get it herself in order that she may be always at her best. There's where she's his pal.

"And," she went on, "when the two work in the same calling—that, I think, is ideal."

How to Become an Extra

(*Continued from page 18*)

long time. There is a fine art in the impression you create upon the casting directors—I have known numbers of girls to fail to get employment through being too extreme. You want to give an appearance of being successful without overdoing it.

Above all, don't go around crying, with your mouth drooping. There is little room in this ceaseless struggle for weeping, and the girl who smiles and has a cheery "Thank you, I hope there'll be something for me soon," for every studio that turns her down, will go farther than the one who whines.

Next week I am going to tell you frankly what conditions you will face in Hollywood, morally and in your work, that you and your mothers may judge from an unbiased viewpoint if it is best for you to seek fame and fortune in the movies.

Why I Dont Want To Be Famous

(*Continued from page 19*)

noted for their fair women, she has a double chance of obtaining the fame she doesn't crave. She sprang into prominence first as the little leading woman in Otis Skinner's "Kismet," a picture she considers one of the greatest failures in the history of the movies.

"Driven," her latest film, has an interesting tale beneath the surface of its coming exhibition.

"Charles Brabin directed it," Miss Fair said, "and it was the first picture he made independently, as he has been working for Fox for the last few years. It is the story of a mother's sacrifice of her wayward son and her vicious husband for the other son, who is upright and worthy of her love. It wouldn't be at all possible if the locale weren't that of the Georgian mountains, where the people are frightfully ignorant."

"Driven" may bring Elinor Fair the fame she doesn't want. Critics who have seen it speak very highly of it. In that case, what will she do?

For she insists she doesn't want to be famous.

"The Covered Wagon"

(*Continued from page 12*)

Dame," on February 1st at Universal City. Victor Hugo's famous novel promises to be one of the biggest pictures of 1923. Wallace Worlsey is the director. The cast already includes half a dozen stars and many well-known supporting players. Among those already engaged are Lon Chaney, who has the title role of Luasimodo; Patsy Ruth Miller, who is to play Esmeralda; Norman Kerry, Raymond Hatton, Kate Lester, Brandon Hurst, Ernest Torrence, Eulalie Jensen.

Why Pampered Heroines Are Popular on Screen

(Continued from page 10)

given up hope of ever attracting Eddie, the shipping clerk, unless fifteen dollars per week can be made to look like more, watches the undulations of the screen beauty with shining eyes.

In her imagination she sees herself clad in exquisite silks and chiffons trailing across the floor of a wondrous boudoir, with Eddie sitting on a velvet footstool devouring her with worshipful eyes. She goes home with the firm determination to save up for material with which to make herself a negligee like the one worn by the star of the feature film, "Lust and the Woman."

But, alas! When, just outside the theatre, Eddie is seen to swing past with that vamp, the Barnett girl, hanging onto his arm, Mazie gives voice to righteous wrath and indignation.

What the Censor Thinks Is Naughty on Screen

(Continued from page 5)

their hearts into their arms and dominate them by sheer physical force, get more cuts than any other kind of sex situations in the silent drama.

"Such scenes are usually too suggestive and tend to excite our human emotions beyond control," declared the censor lady, who is so much against rolled down hosiery, even in the summer time.

I asked Mr. Levenson what he thought of Nazimova's "Salome," in which the nimble-footed dancer from Russia put on the Dance of the Seven Veils. If you fans will remember, I wrote a long piece for "Movie Weekly" two months ago about the troubles Nazimova, as Salome, had trying to slip by the censors in the seventh veil, which, as I remember, was made from kind of transparent silk.

"I voted against 'Salome,'" declared Levenson. "I did not think it was the kind of picture to be shown. But my colleagues, George Cobb and Mrs. Helen Hosmer, voted in its favor. This very instance proves my statement that it is impossible for a board of censors to make any hard and fast rules by which we can condemn pictures. In this case it was a question of my opinion against the opinion of two other people. The majority won.

I TRIED to find out what pictures had been condemned by the New York Commission, but Mr. Levenson was as talkative as an owl on this subject. "Well, what becomes of the condemned films?" I asked him finally, realizing he would make no statement involving names and companies.

His answer was that the objectionable films are usually sent to foreign countries where censorship is just beginning to function. Already, he states, Mexico, Japan, and other countries, have registered complaints about the American exportation of salacious, risque pictures.

Does Matrimony Hurt Film Stars Popularity?

(Continued from page 21)

they have put off their weddings, even though they were engaged.

Most ambitious girls choose single life and their careers. Included among these are Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson, and many others.

Once firmly established, of course, it is difficult to pull the star, even by the announcement that, after all, that star is a human being. Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, and some others have stood firm. Of course these had huge financial backing and some one intensely interested in their success. Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, has spent a fortune in giving her the right vehicles and production.

"To wed or not to wed?" That is the question nowadays.

Oh, well, as no less astute an authority than Socrates himself says, in effect——

You are sorry if you do and you are sorry if you don't!

And this seems to go especially for the picture stars.

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I told my wife what the Judge had said and she told me how a friend of ours had become a wonderful dancer through a system of dancing taught by Arthur Murray, America's foremost authority on dancing, who has instructed the Vanderbilts, ex Governor Locke Craig, as well as scores of other socially prominent people.

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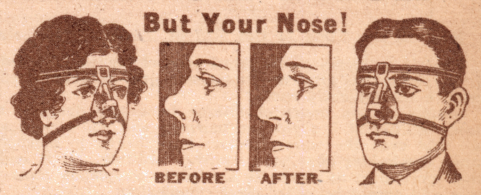

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The Cowboy and the Lady

(*Continued from page 24*)

that North killed in self-defense, or in defense of a woman, and especially of Weston's own wife, the chances for Teddy's release would be favorable.

Ross knew this and he was not idle. In his uncouth way, he was a shrewd man, and he knew how to stir up lawlessness among a set of men who liked nothing better than to administer justice in their own way.

"What's the use o' wastin' time with hearin' all them witnesses?" he growled. "Didn't he confess he killed Weston?"

He asked this question over and over, going from one group to another. Molly had enlightened him as to North's probable reason for assuming guilt for the crime, and Ross was anxious to have the matter of justice for the murderer settled without delay. Once settled by a lynching, it wouldn't come up again, and he'd breathe easier.

"Weston wa'nt such a bad fella'," he remarked to Colorado Pete, but Pete reminded him that only last week he had called Weston "a dirty skunk that ought to be shot," and Ross had felt a cold shiver up and down his broad back. It was during intermission that Ross determined that something drastic must be done—and at once.

So far, the examination had seemed to deduce the idea that North had killed Weston in defence of Weston's own wife. Jessica's testimony had been favorable to North, the only damaging point being that North had evidently followed Weston into the dressing room, renewing the quarrel that had taken place on the porch.

At this critical point in the hearing, a recess had been announced. North secured permission to speak to Jessica privately, and Sheriff Hines led them to his private office and left them alone together.

Jessica was deadly pale and her lovely eyes were heavy with unshed tears. "I—I can never bear it!" she breathed, so low that Teddy had to bend his head close to hers to catch the words.

He put his arm around her gently. "Promise me, that come what may, you will never confess that you did it," he said in a low voice, tense with emotion.

He was surprised at the look of mingled amazement and horror that overspread Jessica's white face.

"Why—why—what do you mean——" she began, and then, as the truth dawned upon her, she clasped her hands in an agony of fear in which joy was mingled. Teddy was guiltless! And he had confessed to a murder! He had thought to save her, and now—— She shuddered as she thought of the possible consequences.

"You didn't do it—dearest—you didn't do it!" She broke into wild sobbing, her head on his shoulder and his arms around her. Relief and joy made her weak now that the terrible strain had been broken.

The truth began to impress itself upon Teddy's somewhat blurred consciousness. Jessica did not shoot Weston after all! When he had stepped forward and confessed his own guilt, to save her as he thought, she had naturally supposed him guilty.

"Jessica!" North gripped her arms in an iron clasp. "What does it mean?" he cried. "You did not—who—I thought—your pistol in your hand—I——" the words were confused—incoherent.

Jessica looked at him, love shining in her violet eyes. "And you did it for me—because you thought——" she, too, was becoming incoherent.

North regained his senses. "Who could have done it? How are we going to find the murderer? Will they believe the truth?"

Jessica's reply was lost in the sound of the opening door and the voice of the coroner. He was saying: "No, I'll give it to Mrs. Weston herself, and to no one else."

He entered and closed the door in the face of Ross, who had been trying to gain possession of whatever it was that the coroner held in his hand.

"I found this in Mr. Weston's coat pocket," he explained, extending to Jessica the locket and chain which she had last seen on Molly's neck. Then Molly had been with Weston. Either she was guilty herself or—— As in a flash of illumination, Jessica divined the truth. She took the trinket and with a hurried "Thank you," fled to Molly's apartments. Her plan formed in her mind as she ran the length of the veranda, and reached the side door leading to Molly's bedroom.

With the suddenness of a whirlwind, Jessica threw open the door and confronted Molly, who was standing before the mirror re-arranging her elaborate coiffure.

"You—you killed Fred Weston!" cried Jessica. "You shot him because he took this away from you. It was found in his pocket. I saw you wearing it before——" A piercing scream from Molly stopped her. Molly's face was ashen, her arms fell to her sides, her eyes seemed bulging from their sockets. She was trying to back away from Jessica's accusing eyes.

"No, no!" she shrieked. "I didn't do it! I didn't—I didn't!" Abject terror had taken possession of Molly.

"You will never be able to prove your innocence after I have told how you have been taking the jewels my husband stole from me," Jessica exclaimed, "and I'll tell——"

Molly started to scream. "Ross did it—Ross did it! I didn't have anything to do in the thing!" she cried, wild with fear. "I—I," but Jessica waited for no more. Seizing Molly by the arm, she dragged her back to the sheriff's office, where an excited mob, headed by Ross, was trying to break in the door.

"We'll lynch him, that's what we'll do, the damn murderer," Ross was yelling.

A coiled rope dangled from one hand. The other beat against the door of the sheriff's office.

At sight of Ross, Molly shrank back, but Jessica urged her forward, crying: "There stands the murderer! Ross is the guilty man. Molly has confessed!" Jessica pointed an accusing finger at Ross as he turned, the look of a hunted and cornered animal in his ugly face.

He shook a trembling finger at Molly. "That she-devil is lying!" he howled. "North has confessed and we're goin' to lynch him!"

But Jessica had the confidence of the men. After all, she was old Jesse Welch's daughter, and no squarer man than Jesse Welch ever lived.

"North confessed to save me," Jessica was saying. "He thought I had done it and he was man enough to want to help an unprotected woman. Ross shot Fred Weston because he was jealous of the attentions he was paying to Molly. Look at him now. He shows that he is guilty."

The men turned to look at Ross, and those nearest the cowed bully grabbed him and held him as he was trying to sneak away.

The door of the sheriff's office opened and the sheriff and his deputy took charge of Ross, encircling his huge wrists with handcuffs. His eyes were fixed upon the shrinking Molly with baleful hatred.

"So, you double-crossed me, you she-devil!" he snarled. But Molly did not look at him.

"I reckon that thar' rope Ross took so much pains to git 'll come in mighty handy," drawled Colorado Pete casually.

TWO weeks later, Jessica and Teddy were strolling over the prairie road that led from the "Bar—J" to the "Double V" ranch. Teddy's arm was around Jessica's slim waist, and she was gazing up at him with adoring eyes.

"What do you think we'd better do about that boundary fence, sweetheart?" asked Teddy, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"I think we'd better tear it down, now that the two ranches are to have the same owner," advised Jessica as she nestled confidingly in her lover's arms.

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Beginning in the combined February-March issue of Metropolitan

AT LAST after eight years of enforced silence, after eight years of submission to the muzzle of censorship, after eight years of solitary confinement "The Genius" is free to try his case before the public.

At last he will stand before his peers in the open court of public opinion. Not twelve, but more nearly twelve million American men and women will decide whether or not his incarceration was justified.

If you remember eight years ago the coming of a story so drastically opposed to the accepted standards of the times that the powers of censorship moved heaven and earth to stop it, you will recall the roar of protest that arose from an indignant nation when its suppression was accomplished. You will remember that single copies of the few that entered circulation sold for as high as $50.00 each and that individuals gladly paid ten dollars for the privilege of reading the book that had aroused the censors to such a frenzy. For eight years a nation has waited eagerly for the time to come when "The Genius" should be free to tell his amazing story. And now that time has come.

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The chains of silence have been stricken off. "The Genius" has risen like the Phoenix from the ashes of his suppressed and censored past. He lives again with a brighter, fiercer flame of human interest than ever. He has lost nothing through his eight years of seclusion. The public is more eager than ever to judge his case. It will burst into print in the February-March issue of Metropolitan Magazine, and will continue through at least six consecutive issues. This one feature alone, if no other printed word were between its covers, would make the February-March number and those immediately succeeding, the greatest issues of Metroplitan that ever came off the presses.

Metropolitan is now a Macfadden Publication

Macfadden Publications, Inc., with a magazine output of nearly thirty million copies yearly, have bought Metropolitan. Henceforth it will be numbered among the periodicals constituting the powerful Macfadden group.

There will be no drastic change in policy. All of the good things that have been a part of Metroplitan in the past will be retained. Abundant fiction of the most virile and powerful kind will be in every issue. The "Girl of Today" Section, of intense interest to every woman, will contain more constructive, helpful articles and stories than ever.

The combined February-March issue (the first to appear under the new regime) is now on the news-stands. **It contains the continuations of all serials or continued stories that remained unfinished in the January number.**

If you have enjoyed Metropolitan in the past, you will enjoy it more than ever in the future. If you are not already acquainted with it a single copy will convince you it should be added to the list of magazines you read each month.

You will probably wish to read "The Genius." Copies of the Metropolitan may be secured upon the news-stands, but if you prefer to have it come direct to your home and thus remove any possibility of missing one or more copies on account of the news-stand being sold out, take advantage of our introductory subscription offer as outlined in the coupon at the foot of this page. In case you are a regular news-stand buyer but are not successful in securing a copy of the February-March issue or any subsequent issue, send twenty-five cents direct to us for each copy desired and they will be forwarded promptly.

The Girl of Today Section

"World Peace a Woman's Job"
By Winifred Mason Huck

"The young woman ought to wake up to a sense of her political responsibilities. She is quite as capable as the young man of thinking about public questions, if she will only give a little time to them."

"Treat Your Stenographer with Respect"
By Zoe Beckley

Stenography is a good trade and a good starter to better trades. The top rungs of the ladder are well sprinkled with men and women who have pulled themselves thither with the help of Messrs. Munson and Pitman's pothooks and hangers.

"It Began on a Ranch"
By Mabel Walker Willebrandt

Teacher, lawyer, assistant United States Attorney General—Sounds as though this might be a man of fifty inclined to avoirdupois and a judicial manner instead of a woman, young, attractive and charming.

"This Freedom"
By Meta Rumel

"I love America and the American girl and that's just why I dare to criticize her," says Meta Rumel after telling you just what she thinks of you and why.

"The New Girl—I Hate Her"
By Benjamin DeCasseres

"She is the Grand-daughter of Henrik Ibsen and George Sand. She is a Chopin Etude hammered out by a Jack Dempsey." Man still wishes his woman to assume a blush if she has it not. He wants her to be the most beautiful liar in the world.

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How YOU Can Make Money Writing Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

Elinor Glyn

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift." People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare. But the people who are turning out the thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousand of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of succes—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

I believe here are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how.

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called *"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing."* This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Its pages are crowded with illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know. The book tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

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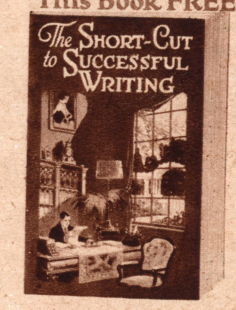

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"Since I wrote you about six months ago I have earned over $4,500.00 with my pen. I answered your ad out of curiosity. I didn't dream I could become a writer. Now I want to thank you for keeping after me and persuading me to take up this delightful work. I owe all of my success to The Authors' Press." —*Janett Burrows, Cleveland, O.*

"A very important company has just bought one of my comedies. It was my first literary effort and I realize that I owe my success to your institution." — *Mary Moran, Mexico City, Mex.*

"Bless the day I answered your ad. I just received a check for my first story. While the amount was small—only $250.00—the thrill was there just the same."—*Peggy K. Reidell, Chicago, Ill.*

"I am pleased to inform you that I quite recently sold a photoplay synopsis for $500.00. I attribute most of my success to my studies with The Authors' Press."—*Edith Taylor, New York, N. Y.*

"I have sold three short stories to Canadian Magazines."—*John Mutter, Sask., Canada.*

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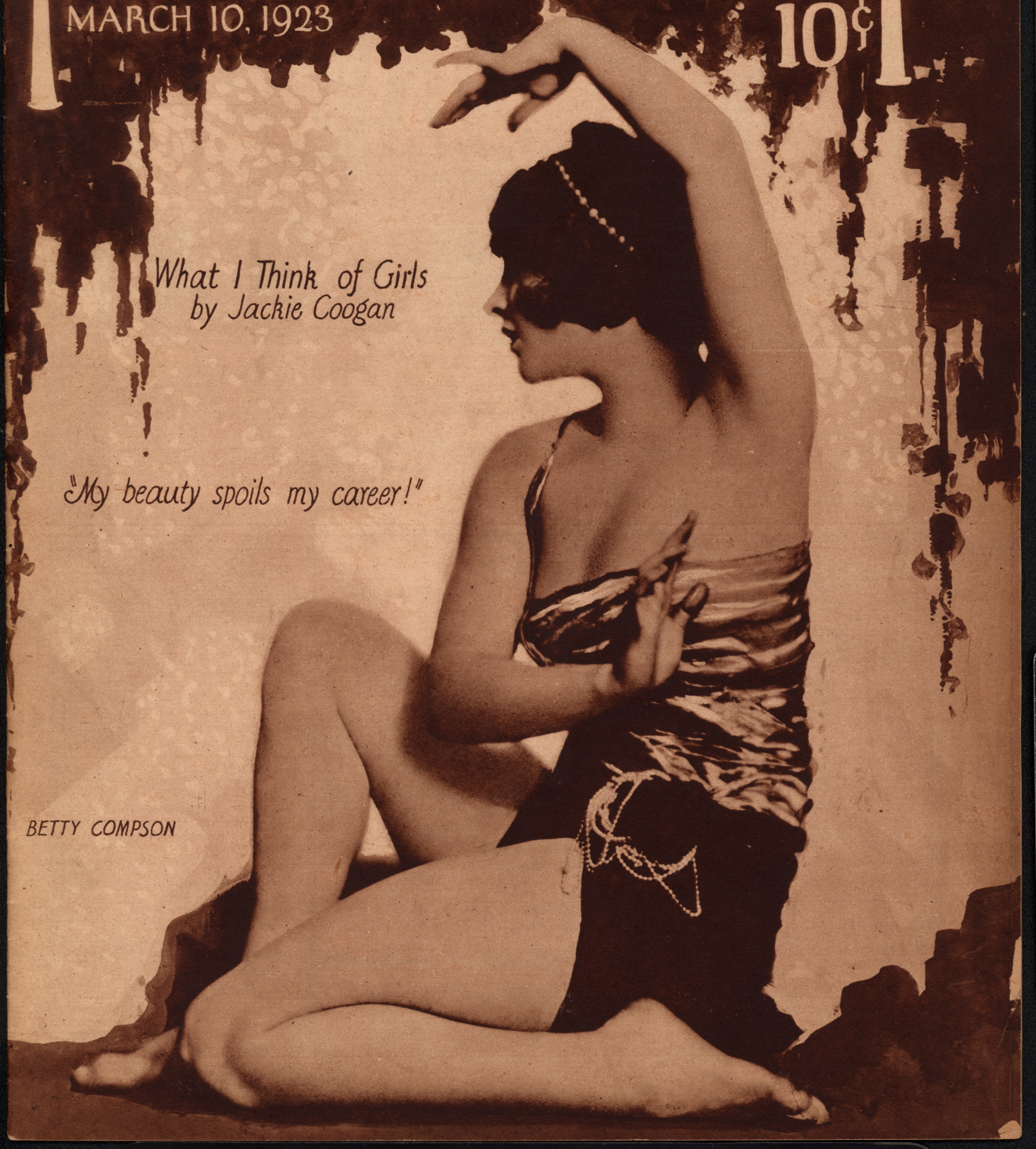
23

MARCH 10, 1923

10¢



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by Jackie Coogan

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